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VISIONS AND REVELATIONS OF THE VENERABLE **ANNA CATHERINE EMMERICK**

TOMO XIII

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST AND HIS HOLY MOTHER

According to the revelations of the venerable Anna Catherine Emmerick

Visions of the Apostles, Martyrs and Saints

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Mystic, Stigmatist, Visionary and Prophet

ANNA CATHERINE EMMERICK

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Introduction

The Acts of the Apostles relate the events after the Ascension of the Lord and refer extensively to the lives of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. They barely give reports on the works of the other apostles. Ana Catalina tells us interesting details of her missionary activities in the pagan cities where they went to evangelize. Some of them, like Saint Thomas, made extraordinary journeys before suffering martyrdom for Jesus Christ. The torments and wonders of Saint John the Evangelist are also told, whose body was transferred to a privileged and inaccessible location to fulfill a supernatural mission.

In front of relics, whose owners recognize, it describes the lives of other martyrs of early Christianity, with edifying and moving internal illustrations, such as those of Saint Agnes and Saint Catherine of Alexandria, and the biography of saints from different eras, with spontaneous and simple words which constitute precise indications of its genuineness.

Visions of the Apostles

Foundation of the Church of Rome by Saint Peter

On January 18, Peter arrived in Rome in the company of his disciples Marcial and Apolinário and a companion called Marcião. From Antioch he went, in the year 43, to Jerusalem: then to Naples and several other places, until he reached Rome. He and his assistants were warmly received by a certain Lentulus, a Roman nobleman who had heard of Peter's arrival. Many Romans who heard John preach knew the Messiah and his miracles. Lentulus contacted these people and told them many things about the Messiah. He conceived so much love and desire for Jesus that in a serious need that afflicted him, he took a very thin cloth and having it touched by Jesus through a person he trusted, he then kept that garment with great devotion and reverence. Lentulus wanted to paint Jesus' face, so Peter had to give him a lot of details about the subject. He often tried to paint his face and Pedro always told him that it still didn't look like the original.

He once fell asleep at work and, when he woke up, found his work beautifully finished, with a perfect likeness. Lentulus was one of the first disciples of Christ in Rome. Pedro lived in the house of Pudente, which he consecrated as the first church in Rome. Lentulus gave many things to this first church.

From Rome, Peter went to Ephesus, after Mary's death, and on the way he visited Jerusalem.

He held the episcopal chair in Rome for 25 years. In the year 69 he was crucified, at the age of 99(*).

(*) Many believed that Saint Peter's death occurred in the year 67.

Saint Andrew the Apostle

After the dispersion of the apostles, Andrew(**) worked first in Scythia: then in Epirus and Thrace, finally in the region of Achaia, in Greece. From this place he was sent, in vision, to the apostle Matthew, who had been detained with some disciples and sixty Christians in a city in Ethiopia. They put poison in Matthew's eyes, which caused him a lot of pain. André marched towards where Mateus was. He healed him of his illness and freed the Christians who were in chains. He preached in the city until a revolt arose against him: he was taken prisoner and with his feet tied he was dragged through the streets. André, however, prayed for his tormentors, who were so moved that they finally asked for forgiveness and

ended up converting. After this, Andrew returned to Achaia and there he healed a blind and demon-possessed man and raised a dead child from the dead. He was also in Nicæa, where he established a bishopric. In Nicomedia, he resurrected another dead child and calmed a violent storm in the Hellespont. On one occasion, when savage Macedonians threatened him with death, they were frightened by a flash of light from the sky that threw them to the ground.
On another occasion he was thrown to the fierce beasts, but he was also delivered from that danger. In Patras, a city in Achaia, he suffered martyrdom.
Presented to the proconsul Ægeas, the apostle made a courageous confession of faith and was thrown into prison. The people, who loved him very much, wanted to free him by force, but the holy apostle begged them not to deprive him of the pleasure of receiving the crown of martyrdom. The judge sentenced him to die by crucifixion. When André saw the cross from afar, he exclaimed; “Oh, good cross, so desired, so ardently loved and sought!” For two days he hung on the cross and from there preached the faith of Christ to the people. Maximilla, Saturnino's aunt, received his body, embalmed it and buried it. His death occurred in the year 93 of the Christian era.
(**) Obadiah, an ancient writer, wrote the life of the saint in 42 chapters narrating events according to the visionary Vicente Bellovacense, citing as a source Ex actis ius, that is, the minutes of Saint Andrew, which was already read in the 2nd century in Churches.

Saint James the Greater, Apostle of Spain(*)

From Jerusalem, Santiago traveled, passing through the Greek islands and Sicily, to Spain, stopping in Wales. As it was not well received in this region, it went to another. In short, he fared no better in this place. He was taken prisoner and would have been killed if an angel had not miraculously freed him from the hands of his oppressors. He left seven disciples in Spain and moved, passing through Marseilles, in the south of France, to Rome. Later he returned to Spain and continued from Wales, passing through Toledo, to Zaragoza. There, many residents converted: entire neighborhoods recognized Christ and divested themselves of their objects of idolatry. I saw Santiago there in great danger. Vipers were hurled at him; but the apostle calmly took them in his hands. They didn't do anything to him. On the contrary, they were furious with the idol priests, who from then on began to fear and respect them. I saw later how, having begun to preach in Granada, he was arrested with all his disciples and converts. James called to his aid Mary, who at that time was still living in Jerusalem, begging her to help him, and I saw how, through the ministry of angels, he was supernaturally freed, he with his disciples, from prison. Mary, ordered through an angel, to go to Galicia to preach the faith there, and then return to her residence in Zaragoza.
Later I saw Santiago in great danger due to a persecution and storm against the faithful in Zaragoza. I saw the apostle praying at night with some disciples on the bank of the river, near the city walls; he asked for light to know whether he should stay or run away. He thought of the Most Holy Mary and asked her to pray with him to ask for advice and help from her divine Son Jesus, who could then deny him nothing. Suddenly I saw a glow coming from heaven over the apostle and the angels appeared above him, singing a very harmonious song while bringing a column of light, whose foot, in the middle of a luminous ray, pointed to a place, a few steps away. of the apostle, as indicating a certain place.

The column was quite tall and narrow, with a reddish glow, with veins of various colors and ending at the top like an open lily, which threw tongues of fire in various directions; one of them headed west, towards Compostela; the others, in different directions. In the glow of the lily I saw Holy Mary, of snowy whiteness and transparency, of greater beauty and delicacy than the whiteness of fine silk. He stood, shining with light, the way he used to stand in prayer when he was still alive on earth. She had her hands clasped together and the long veil over her head, most of which hung down to her feet, as if she were wrapped in it. She placed her small, slender feet on the flower that was shining with her five tongues. The entire ensemble looked wonderfully delicate and beautiful.

I saw that Santiago got up from his knees from the place where he was praying, he received internally from Mary the warning that he should immediately build a church there; that Mary's intercession should grow like a root and expand. Mary told him that he must, as soon as the church was finished, return to Jerusalem. Santiago got up, called the disciples who accompanied him, who had heard the music and seen the glow; He told them the rest, and they all witnessed how the apparition's glow was fading. After Santiago had fulfilled in Zaragoza what Mary had ordered him, he formed a group of twelve disciples, among whom I saw that there were men of science. They had to continue the work he started with so much fatigue and contradictions.

Santiago left Spain to move to Jerusalem, as Mary had ordered him.

On this trip he visited Mary in Ephesus. Mary foretold him the approach of his death in Jerusalem, and consoled and comforted him greatly. Santiago said goodbye to Mary and his brother John and headed to Jerusalem, where he was soon beheaded.

James was taken to Mount Calvary, outside the city, while preaching along the way and converting many listeners. When they tied his hands, he said, “You can tie my hands, but not my blessing and my tongue.” A crippled man on the side of the road cried out to the apostle to give him his hand and heal him and he replied, "You come to me and give me your hand." The cripple went to Santiago, took the apostle's bound hands and was found healthy. I saw his deliverer, named Josiah, running towards him and asking for forgiveness. This man confessed Christ and was killed for his faith. James asked him if he wanted to be baptized and having answered yes, the apostle hugged and kissed him, and said: “Frogs: you will be baptized in your own blood”. I saw a woman arrive in Santiago with her blind son and seek health care for her son from him.

First James was shown with Josiah in a high place; There the guilt and sentence were read aloud to them. Later, I saw him sitting on a rock, his hands were tied to his sides. They blindfolded him and cut off his head. Meanwhile, they had locked Santiago the Lesser in his own house. They were then in Jerusalem: Matthew, Nathanæl Persecuted and Nathanæl, the husband (from Cana). Matthew lived in Bethany. Lazarus' house had long been destined for the use of the disciples, as had his possessions in Judea. The city's castle had been occupied by the Jews. After the apostle's death there was a great uproar in the city and many converted to the faith of Christ.

James' body was for some time in the vicinity of Jerusalem. When new persecution broke out, some disciples took him to Spain, including Joseph of Arimathea and Saturninus. But Queen Lupa, who persecuted Santiago, did not allow him to be buried. The disciples placed him on a stone, which sank and emptied, forming a tomb. Another wonder happened there: some bodies buried there were thrown

from their places. Due to Lupa's schemes, the disciples were taken to prison by the king; Miraculously freed from prison, as they fled, they were pursued by the king and his knights. The bridge broke during the passage and the king and his people died. Queen Lupa, terrified, ordered the Christian disciples to go to the desert and catch wild bulls and add them to the cart: so that where these animals carried Santiago's body, there they could build a church for him. He thought that in this way the ferocious animals would destroy everything in their fury. The disciples encountered, at the entrance to the desert, a dragon, which, due to their blessing, burst into the midst. The fierce bulls, on the other hand, calmly allowed themselves to be tied up and carried the sacred body to the castle of Lupa itself. So it happened that Santiago was buried in the castle, as Lupa converted, becoming a Christian, with her people. The castle became a church. Many miracles were performed in that tomb. His body was later taken to Compostela, which became one of the most famous pilgrimage sites. The apostle Santiago worked in Spain for about four years.
(*) That Santiago went to Spain to preach is stated by Saint Antoninus; Saint Isidore, in the book Vita et morte Sanctorum; Bráulio, Archbishop of Zaragoza (651); Julian, Archbishop of Toledo (G90)2 Popes Callistus 11, Pius V, Sixtus V, the Venerable Bede. Historian Gretscher claims that it is an ancient tradition in all churches in Spain.

The Apostle Saint John the Evangelist in Rome and Asia Minor

Although Christians were able to live in peace in Ephesus, Saint John was still held prisoner. He could go out in the company of two soldiers and therefore often visited the good people of the place. On one of these visits he met some students, whose teacher had spoken against John and his doctrine. Because the saint had spoken against riches, they bought ingots of gold and precious stones, broke them into pieces and threw them on their way as a sign of contempt. They wanted to say that they too, although pagans, knew how to despise riches without necessarily having to become Christians. John, however, told them that their behavior was a waste of money and was not a virtue of poverty or renunciation. One of the students proposed to the saint that he try to gather the pieces of gold and precious stones, as they were before; that then they would believe in their God and his doctrine. The saint told them to pick up the pieces and bring them to him. They did so and the saint returned the gold and precious stones to them as they were before. Then they fell at his feet, gave their wealth to the poor and became Christians. Two of these, who had donated their goods and followed John, repented, when they saw their slaves well dressed, for having become Christians. I saw that John converted herbs from the forest and stones from the seaside into pieces of gold and precious stones, through his prayer, and gave them to the two, telling them to redeem the riches they had left. While the apostle was warning the fallen young man, they brought him the corpse of a young man, asking him to resurrect him. Many people made this request to the apostle. John prayed and resurrected the young man and ordered him to tell the young people what he knew about the other world. The Resurrected One spoke to them in such a way about the things of the other world that the young people did penance and converted. The apostle imposed fasts on them and welcomed them back among the faithful. The gold and precious stones turned back into straw and stones, which they threw into the sea.

I then saw that many were converted and that John was put in prison. An idolatrous priest said that if John took poison without feeling bad, they would believe in Jesus and set him free. They made him march, accompanied by two soldiers, with his hands tied with ropes, in front of the judge, where many people were gathered.
I saw that two men sentenced to death drank the poison and fell dead instantly. João prayed over the glass and I saw black vapor coming out of it, while a light approached him. João drank the contents of the glass and the poison did him no harm. The idolatrous priest asked for more proof: he demanded that John raise the two dead men. John extended his cloak to him, telling him to cast it on the dead, repeating the words that the apostle taught him. When he did this, the two dead were raised and almost the entire city was converted. John was freed from his chains. Another time I saw a temple collapse in front of John, because they wanted to force him to sacrifice to idols. It came like a storm upon the temple; the building's roof collapsed; a cloud of dust and debris came out of the doors and windows, as well as smoke and fire, as the idols were melted by the heat.

The converted Jew and the lost young man

A converted Jew, who was still a catechumen, was reduced, in John's absence, to the greatest poverty and burdened with debts that he could not pay, and was therefore greatly harassed. A perverted Jew suggested to him the idea that he should drink poison, otherwise he would be arrested for his debts and not leave there for the rest of his life. He had already seen the poor man drink poison up to three times from a dark bronze vase he had: such was his fear of being arrested. But John taught him to make the sign of the cross on any drink or food he took, and it turned out that he was not poisoned, although he wished to be. Meanwhile, John returned to the place: the poor Jew confessed his guilt and also explained his extreme need, promising to do penance for his crime. John blessed the same bronze container that contained the poison, turned it into gold and told him to pay his debt with that gold. This man later became a disciple of John and bishop of the city where John found that young man who had lost his way and rescued him from a band of evildœrs.
João found this young man near a corral, close to the city. When talking to him, he recognized that good qualities were mixed with extreme rudeness and ignorance. The boy waved to his parents, who were poor shepherds, and John asked them to leave the boy with him to educate him. The parents consented. The boy was ten years old and John took him to the bishop of Berea to educate him, telling him that he would return in his time to demand an account of the boy. At first things went well: then they let the boy do his whims and he ended up falling into the hands of a gang of criminals.
When João returned to get the child, he learned that his protégé was in the mountains with the robbers. João took a pack animal, as his age and the roughness of the road did not allow him to walk. Upon finding the young man, he asked him on his knees to return from his evil path. The young man was then about twenty years old. John took him with him. He changed the local bishop and ordered the young man to do penance for his sin. Later I saw that he also became a bishop. This bishop was, moreover, a good man, who had to suffer much for the heretics; but as regards the child he became guilty of gross carelessness. He was bishop for only six years and it seemed to me that he preferred to replace John in his absence. His name was Aquila. He died a natural death. Oh, how he wept when

Saint John rebuked him for neglecting the child! I saw him kneeling before the apostle.

The Apocalypse and the Gospel of Saint John

When John was thrown into the cauldron of boiling oil, he had already taught in Italy and was taken prisoner there. From the island of Patmos, where he was much loved and converted many, he sometimes went on trips with his tutors, and was in Ephesus. He did not see the visions of Revelation all at once nor did he write them all at once, but at different times. Three years before his death, he wrote his Gospel in Asia.

I saw several images of his martyrdom in Rome. I saw this in a round courtyard, surrounded by a wall. There he was stripped naked and flogged. The apostle was already very old, but his flesh was like that of a young man. I saw that they then took him outside, to a large, round place, where there was a large cauldron placed on a stone base, also round, where the fire was placed, breathing through some holes in the oven. John was taken dressed in a long cloak, closed in front of his chest, which reminded me of Christ when he was mocked. There were many people watching the scene. His cloak was removed and his body appeared covered in red stains from the lashes. Two men took João to the boiler opening and he himself did his part. The oil was boiling. They fed the fire below with small bundles of dark wood, which they carried for that purpose. After John had remained inside for a while, without showing the slightest sign of pain or harm, they took him out again and his body was seen healed from the wounds of the lashes and fresher than before. Many people ran fearlessly to the location of the boiler and filled small containers with oil, without getting burned, which surprised me. They took João out of there.

From Rome, John went again to Ephesus and remained hidden there for a few days. Only at night did he go out to visit the homes of Christians and celebrate mass at Mary's house.

Some time later, he retired with some disciples to Cedro, where, living in solitude, he wrote his Gospel, three years before his death. The disciples were not with him when he wrote: they remained at a certain distance and approached him from time to time to bring him food. I saw him writing sitting or lying under a tree. I saw that once it rained and there was light and dryness. He spent a lot of time teaching in these places and converted many people in the city. From there John returned to Ephesus.

Most of the descendants of the Magi withdrew to the island of Crete, after the baptism received from the apostle Thomas; the others left in different directions. In Arabia there were several bishops established by Saint Thomas, taken from the cities of the Three Kings. These bishops could no longer govern all these people, some of whom had fallen into the old idolatry.

They wrote to Saint John for this, and he sent them Fidel's two brothers, who baptized Macarius and Caio. These disciples, through prayer and insistence, managed to get John himself, at a very advanced age, to travel to the country of the Three Kings. Their region was further away than the country of Mensor. I saw John in the land of one of them, among the Chaldeans, who had a garden of Mary enclosed in his temple. The temple no longer existed, but they had built a small church in the shape of Mary's house in Ephesus: flat at the top, as I saw in all the chapels of that time.

The other bishops arrived, gathered there and asked John to write the life of Jesus in his country, to tell him everything they knew about his childhood. The apostle answered them that he had already written the life of Jesus, that he had written what could be written about his divine life here on earth. While writing, he was almost continually in heaven and could no longer write anything else. He also told them that what the disciple, who had traveled with Jesus, called Eremenzear, later Hermes, had written, Macarius and Gaius would complete. I learned that Macário's work was lost: but Caio's still exists. From there John left for Jerusalem, then to Rome and from there to Ephesus.

Death of Saint John the Evangelist

I had a beautiful vision of Saint John's death. He was already very old: his face, however, always remained fresh, beautiful and young. I saw him in Ephesus, in the church, I believe, for three days, breaking and distributing bread (an old expression to mean communion). It seemed to me that Jesus appeared to him and predicted his imminent death. I had a rather mixed idea about this; However, I remember that Jesus appeared to him: I saw him teaching in the open air, outside the city, under a tree, surrounded by many disciples. He withdrew with two disciples to a beautiful place, behind a small hill, among the woods, there was a beautiful meadow, and you could see the reflection of the sky in the calm sea. He was pointing something out to them on the earth; It seemed to me that he was telling them that they should make or finish his tomb there; I prefer to think that they must have just completed it, as I saw that it was soon done very well. I think the rest had already been done previously, mainly because the blades were already there. Then I saw Him return to where the others were, He taught them with love, prayed and told them to love one another. The two returned, and one of them said to him: “Ah, Father, it seems to me that you want to leave me"... They crowded together, fell on their knees and cried.

He warned them, prayed with them, and blessed them. Then he ordered them to stay where they were and with five of them he went to the tomb. This one was not very deep and was very well made, covered with vegetation; It had a kind of wicker lid, on which herbs had to be placed and a stone on top. John prayed with his arms outstretched, close to the tomb; So he threw his cloak in, went down there, lay down and prayed again. A great light descended on him. He even spoke to his disciples. They were lying on the ground, next to the grave: they were crying and praying.

Then I saw something wonderful: as John lay peacefully dying, I saw in the glow, above him, a luminous figure, like himself, emerging from his body, as if from an envelope, and disappearing in the same light and glow. Then I saw the others come and lie down around his tomb, which they then covered. I also saw that John's body was not on earth. I saw between East and West a luminous space, similar to a sun, I saw it inside, as if interceding for others; as if he received something from above and gave it to those below. I saw this place as something belonging to the earth, but completely elevated above it: there is no way to get there (*),

(*) San Antonino presents the events narrated in the same way that Ana Catalina sees them (VI, Chapter 6, LI,3). Tradition confirms it. what was seen by the seer at the death of the Saint.

Saint Augustine, Saint Gregory of Tours, Hilary, Epiphanius, Saint Gregory Nazianzen, Albert the Great, Thomas Villanueva and others are of the opinion that

John actually died, but that his body was taken from the earth. and who now lives, like Enoch and Elijah, to return at the end of time to proclaim to the nations. The office of the Greek Church received this tradition in its liturgy.

Apostolic Works of Saint Thomas in India

About three years after the death of Christ, Saint Thomas embarked on a journey with the apostle Thaddeus and four disciples to the country of the Three Kings. There he baptized two of the three Magi: Mensor and Teokeno. (Elsewhere Ana Catalina says that Sair, the third of the kings, had already died). The apostle Thomas performed great wonders everywhere: he established teachers of the faith and left a disciple. He went to Bactria. I saw this a lot in the North, in China, where Russia began, among completely barbaric people. In Bactria, especially among those who followed the teachings of the Luminous Star (Zoroaster), he was very well received.

I also saw this in Tibet. Later I saw Thomas, not only in India, but also on an island, among the black people and in Japan, and I heard prophecies made by him about the destiny of religion in that country. Tomé did not want to go to India of his own free will. Before leaving, he had frequent visions in dreams, it seemed to him that he was building beautiful and large palaces in India. At first he did not understand such views and rejected them, as he was not a house builder. But then the warnings came back to him to go to India, to convert many people, to win souls for God; that this was what the palaces he would build meant. He reported his visions to Peter, who encouraged him to go to India. He traveled along the Red Sea. He was also on the island of Socotora, where he evangelized: he didn't stay there long. It was the second city in the kingdom where Thomas arrived, when they were celebrating a great festival there. He began to evangelize and heal the sick.

The king and many people listened to his teachings. He managed to convert so many people that a young idolatrous priest became very angry with him. In the middle of the village competition where Tomé taught, he stepped forward and slapped him. Tomé was very patient and, without hesitation, turned the other cheek to the blows and even thanked them. Because of this attitude, the king and the people were greatly admired and considered Thomas a holy person. The priest of idols himself converted. His hand became covered with leprosy, but the saint cured it and, thus, converted, he later became the apostle's most devoted disciple. Thomas also converted the king's daughter and her husband, who was possessed by a demon. Later he left this region traveling towards the East. When the king's daughter gave birth to a son, she and her husband consecrated themselves to God, living in continence, and distributed their wealth to the poor. Because of this, the husband's father became very angry with Thomas and said that he was a sorcerer, but the couple persevered in the path they had taken, taught the faith of Christ everywhere with the simplicity with which they received it, and they converted many people. The young husband's father was moved and asked Thomas to return. Thomas returned, because he had said to him “See you again soon”. The king was baptized with a large crowd of people. I saw that he was later a deacon and that he retired to the country of the Three Wise Men.

I think he became a priest. One of his sons built a church.

I saw Tomé in another city in India, by the sea, wanting to return to his trip. I don't think it was far from the place where I later saw Xavier. Jesus appeared to him and ordered him to go deeper into India. Thomas couldn't decide; It seemed to him that there were very barbaric people there. Jesus appeared to him again and told

him that he was fleeing from his presence like Jonah: he encouraged him to go, promising to be with him; He told him that great wonders would be accomplished there by his preaching; that on the day of judgment he would be at Christ's side, as a witness to what was done for the conversion of men.
Then I saw the apostle go out among many people: I saw him healing the sick, casting out demons and baptizing in a well. A noble man, very cultured and very good, who always consulted books, approached him and became a very devoted disciple. This man had a niece married to a relative of the local king. She was young, beautiful and very rich. When he heard about the apostle, he had a great desire to hear his teachings. She walked among the people and, throwing herself at their feet, asked them to instruct her in the truths of faith. Thomas evangelized her and blessed her. She was very emotional: she cried, prayed and fasted day and night. Her husband, who loved her very much, wanted to distract her; but she begged him to leave her some free time. She went to the apostle's teachings every day and became a fervent Christian. This greatly angered the husband, who dressed in mourning and complained to the king against Thomas. The king ordered Thomas to be dragged with a rope by the angry man, and whipped and imprisoned; but he gave thanks to God for everything he suffered. The young wife cut her hair, cried, prayed and gave much alms to the poor, and from then on she no longer adorned herself during the night, in the absence of her husband, having won over her tutors, she went with others to listen to Thomas' teachings in the same prison. Her nurse went with her and became a Christian. Thomas told them to prepare everything for baptism in their own home. He came out of prison and baptized these and many others. The guards, with God's permission, slept during this period, and Tomçe then returned to his confinement.
Later, as even some in the royal family had corrected themselves, upon hearing the apostle's preaching, the king ordered Thomas to appear. The apostle evangelized him and, as he did not believe, Thomas told him to do some test with him to see if he was preaching the truth. The king then ordered hot skewers to be brought and Thomas stepped on them without feeling any harm. In the place where the burning irons were, a fountain gushed out. Thomas told him how he himself had seen the miracles of Christ for three years, something he said many times and which, despite everything, he often doubted; That's why he wanted to convince the most unbelievers. Thomas narrated his own guilt everywhere. The king even tried to drown him in a room he filled with hot steam; but it did no harm, and the room was filled with fresh air. When he wanted Thomas to sacrifice to his idols, the apostle said to him: “If Jesus cannot destroy your idol, then I will offer incense to him.” A great feast was prepared. the idol was carried in a majestic carriage. As soon as Thomas prayed, fire was seen descending from heaven and melted the idol in a moment. Many other idols fell to the ground. and Thomas was thrown back into prison. From this prison he was released, just like Pedro, and arrived on an island where he spent a long time, leaving his teaching there and heading to Japan, where he stayed for half a year. the king's own family converted. The idol priests became more angry with him. One of them had a sick son and asked Thomas to go and heal him. Thomas ordered the body to be brought and ordered him, in the name of Jesus, to stand up and say who had killed him. The dead man stood up and said, “My father did this.” For this reason many were converted.
I saw that Thomas, kneeling on a stone, was praying outside the city, in a place far from the sea, and that his knees were engraved in the stone. He predicted that

when the sea, which was then very far away, came to lick that stone, a man would come from afar and preach the faith of Jesus Christ there. I couldn't imagine that the sea would eventually get there. A stone cross was built at that location when Xavier arrived in that region. I saw Thomas kneeling on this stone, praying, in ecstasy, and an idolatrous priest, approaching from behind, pierced him with his spear. His body later arrived at Edessa; and saw a religious festival in his honor. But there was still one of Thomas's ribs and the spear in place. Next to the stone where he prayed, there was an olive tree, which was watered with his blood. Always, on the day of his martyrdom, the tree sweated oil, and when that didn't happen, people feared a bad year. I saw that the pagans tried in vain to uproot this tree, which was always reborn. A church was built there and, when mass was celebrated there, the tree sweated oil again. The city was called Meliapur. At that time faith did not flourish there, but Christianity would resurface in that place.
I was told that Thomas turned three hundred and ninety years old. He was very thin, had a somewhat dark face and reddish brown hair. At his death, the Lord appeared to him and told him that He would sit with him in judgment on the day of judgment. If I am not mistaken in my many travels, it seemed to me that Thomas left, after the separation of the apostles, first to Egypt, then to Arabia, and while he was walking through the desert he sent a disciple to tell Thaddeus to go and see King Abgar . Then he baptized the Three Magi and arrived in Bactria, China, Tibet, Russia, and from there he returned to witness Mary's death. I saw this in Palestine. passing through Italy, a part of Germany, Switzerland, a little of France, then Africa to reach Ethiopia and Abyssinia, where Judith lived (who was in another vision). From there to Socotra, to India, to Meliapur, where he was released from prison by the angel; crossing part of China, it reached the North, where the Russian part is today. From there he went to the North of the Japanese islands.(*)
(*) The Kirchenlexikon says: According to the tradition of the Syrians, Thomas sent the apostle Thaddeus to Edessa, where Abgar was king. The body of the Saint rests in Edessa and part of his relics remained in India.

Works of Saint Bartholomew in Asia and Abyssinia

The apostle Saint Bartholomew preached the faith first in India, where he left many converts and disciples. Then it passed through Japan and returned to Arabia, via the Red Sea. towards Abyssinia. there he converted King Polymius and raised a dead man. In the royal city of this country there were many sick people, who were taken before the idols.
Since Bartholomew arrived, the idol has been silent. There was a house full of women possessed by demons. Bartholomew healed and freed these people, evangelized them and baptized them, after they had publicly abjured their errors and their trade with demons.
The apostle entertained himself frequently and for a long time with King Polymius, who asked many questions and often let him consult his writings. The apostle answered him and resolved his difficulties. Concerning the king's saying that people were cured of their illnesses when they went before the idol, the apostle declared to him that people were first influenced by the devil, and appeared sick; Afterwards, when they were presented before the idol, they appeared to be cured, so that the people would not deviate from the worship of demons. I told him that, from that moment on, the demon in that idol was reduced to impotence and could no longer do wonders.

I told him that he would see all this more clearly if he agreed to consecrate the temple to the true God and if he allowed himself and his people to be baptized, embracing the faith of Christ. The king ordered to summon all the people and while the false priests offered sacrifices, Satan cried out from the idol for them not to do so, that he could no longer do anything, that he was submissive to the Son of God. Bartholomew ordered him, in the name of God, to reveal the deceptions of his cures, and Satan confessed him, speaking through the idol. Then Bartholomew taught in an open place and ordered the devil to show himself as he was, so that the pagans could see whom they worshiped. The demon appeared in the form of a frightening black man, and in front of them, he sank into the earth. Then King Polymius ordered that all the idols be torn down. Bartholomew consecrated the temple to the true God, baptized the king, his entire family and little by little his entire army.

Bartholomew taught, healed the sick and was very loved by all the people.

The apostle received an order from heaven to go and see the Mother of God. Meanwhile, the priests of the idols went to Astyages, brother of Polymius, and accused Bartholomew of being a sorcerer. When Bartholomew returned, after meeting with the other apostles, he was unable to enter, because he was seized by the satraps of Astyages and taken before them, who spoke to him as follows: “You seduced my brother to worship your God." "I want teach you to sacrifice to my god." Bartholomew replied: “That God who gave me the power to show his brother whom he worshiped, that is, Satan, and to cast him into hell, from whence he came, will also give me strength to break your false gods and bring faith to yourself." At that moment a messenger arrived with the news that the idol of Astyages had fallen to the ground.

The king, enraged by this fact, tore his clothes and ordered the holy apostle to be flogged. He was tied to a tree and skinned while he preached in a clear voice: finally his throat was pierced with a box cutter. The executioners ripped the skin off his feet and placed the skin on his hands. After his death, they threw his sacred body to the wild beasts; but he was rescued at night by the new converts. I saw that King Polymius came with many people and gave him an honorable burial. A church was built over his tomb. Astyages and those who martyred Bartholomew were overcome by fury and fear, after thirteen days, and rushed to the saint's tomb begging for his help. King Astyages was finally converted; The same did not happen with the idolatrous priests, who died miserably after some time. (*)

(*) Without reason, some exegetes identify Bartholomew with Nathanæl, Bartholomew, son of Tolmai, was called Naftalí. After having preached in India and Armenia, his relics are in Rome, while Nathanæl. After having preached in Mauritania and Brittany, he rested in Treuga, which is Leon in Spain.

Simon and Judas Thaddeus in Persia

After the dispersion of the apostles, the brothers Simon and Judas Thaddeus walked together for some time. Simon headed towards the Black Sea, and towards Scythia, and Thaddæus towards the East, where he probably met Thomas, accompanying him at a distance, and was then sent by him with a letter to the king of Edessa, called Abgar.

When Thaddeus reached the king, he saw, next to the apostle, the luminous face of Jesus and bowed deeply. By the laying on of his hands, Thaddeus cured King Abgar of leprosy. After having healed and converted many in Edessa, he traveled with his companion Silas through the countries that Jesus had visited and arrived,

through Arabia, to Egypt. On this trip the apostle managed to baptize many in Kedar; entire populations embraced the faith.
The apostle Simon went, after the death of Mary, to the country of the Persians.
He had as companions the disciple Obadiah and others. Later, Obadiah was bishop of Babylon. By God's order, the two brothers met again in a military camp and went to a large city (Babylon). They were doing very well there. I saw many things happen that I have no more than a vague idea of. I remember that at a meeting, in the presence of the king, the idolatrous priests rose up against the apostle. Some of them had a number of arm-length snakes in a basket and others had them in their hands.
These vipers were rounded, like eels, but thinner; They had small, round heads, their open jaws displaying small, sharp tongues, like lancets, in a threatening attitude. The priests threw them at the apostle; but I saw that they returned like arrows against the same people who took them. They bit them, and they screamed and cried, until the apostle ordered the snakes not to harm those priests. I saw that many were converted and the king himself with them. The apostles left there and went to another city and stayed in the house of a Christian.
I saw a commotion break out in the city, and the two apostles, together with the Christian, were taken to a temple where there were several idols mounted on wheels. A tumultuous crowd gathered, inside and outside the temple.
I remember seeing the idols collapse, destroyed and debris falling from the temple. As a result of this, the two apostles were mistreated by the people, who with all types of weapons and with the help of idolatrous priests wounded the holy apostles to death. I saw how the apostle Thaddeus had his head broken in two parts, in the middle of his face, with the ax that a man had on his belt. A heavenly clarity and vision appeared over the holy martyr. The bodies of both apostles rested in the church of Saint Peter in Rome.

Saint Philip in Phrygia and Saint Matthew in Ethiopia

After Pentecost, Philip and Bartholomew left for Geshur, on the edge of Syria. Philip healed a sick woman in that city. At first he was well received: then he was persecuted. Philip went to Phrygia, where he won many pagans to faith in Christ. In Heriapolis, in Phrygia, he was taken before a statue of Mars, by the priests, to offer incense. A snake came out from under the same altar and killed two tribunes and the son of the idol's priest himself. The holy apostle resurrected the three dead. Despite this, he was flogged and then crucified. Many wanted to take him down from the cross while he was still alive, but he begged them to let him die as his Lord and Master had died. Still on the cross, he was stoned until he was seen dead. His martyrdom occurred in the year 81.
Saint Matthew preached for 25 years in Ethiopia, and during that time he converted a large crowd to the faith of Christ, including the king of Egypt and his entire family. The king's daughter, Hyphigenia, decided to consecrate herself to God in a state of virginity and was confirmed in this purpose by the holy apostle. When the king's uncle discovered that he had taken over the kingdom and that he wanted Hyphigenia as his wife, he ordered the holy apostle to be killed. While celebrating divine services at the altar, the holy apostle was pierced by a spear.

Saint Mark in Rome (*)

With the prince of the apostles, Peter, Mark went to Rome. In his Gospel, Mark wrote what Peter dictated to him. When a plague spread through Rome, a kind of

Via Crucis was erected there, by order of Marcos. Christians and the same pagans who made the Way of the Cross found themselves free from the plague. Seeing this wonder, many pagans converted. Mark went from Rome to Egypt to preach the Gospel. I first saw this in Alexandria. He did not want to go there, but rather preach from one place to another. As he walked, he was so injured in the index finger of his right hand that he would have lost it if he had not been healed by a wonderful apparition, similar to that of Saul, which filled him with great fear. From his injury, he had a red mark around his finger all his life. Upon entering Alexandria, he once gave the sole of his shœ to the shœmaker Aniano to repair it. This craftsman injured his hand while doing the work. Marcos cured him by mixing saliva with dust from the floor. Aniano converted and Marcos stayed at his house. Aniano had a large room, several servants and his wife with ten children. The first meetings of the new converts took place in the room designated for Marcos.
The apostles did not usually celebrate the divine offices and Mass in a new community, but when it was fortified and adequately instructed. The holy sacrament was administered with a certain rite during the celebration of holy mass. The shœmaker Aniano had among his ten children, three who later became priests. I saw that the father was the successor of Marcos himself. In Heliópolis I saw the holy evangelist Marcos. A church was built there on the site where the Holy Family had been and also a small convent. Most of those baptized there by Mark were Jews. Marcos was thrown into Alexandria prison and strangled with a rope.
When he was in prison, Jesus appeared to him with a small paten and gave him a round loaf of bread. Later I saw his body in Venice.
(*) Included in this chapter are some who are not apostles themselves, such as Mark, Timothy and others, but who were closely linked to the apostles of Jesus Christ.

Saint Luke and the paintings of the Virgin

The evangelist Luke was with Saint John in Ephesus; then with the apostle Andrew. In his hometown he met the apostle Paul, whom he accompanied on his travels. He wrote the Gospel, according to Paul's advice and because there were false writings about the life of the Lord. He wrote his Gospel 25 years after the Ascension of the Lord, most of it based on news from those who witnessed the events. Already at the time of Lazarus' resurrection I saw him visit the places where the Lord had performed miracles and make notes. He had a close relationship with Bársabas. I also learned that Mark wrote his Gospel from reports from those who witnessed it, and I saw that none of the evangelists, in writing their book, used the writing of others. They told me that if they had written more, even fewer would have believed them. The miracles repeated several times were not recorded, so as not to be delayed.
I have seen Lucas paint several pictures of the Virgin, some in a miraculous way. He found a painted and finished bust of Mary, having requested it, after having tried in vain to do the work. He discovered that he finished while he was in ecstasy. It was preserved in Rome, in Santa María Maior, on an altar in the chapel of the Manger, to the right of the main altar. It was not, however, the original, but a copy of it. The original was still on a wall, which became a column, when many sacred objects were hidden there, at great risk. There I also saw the bones of saints and writings of great antiquity. The church had seven columns. It was closed in the middle, on the right, so that the priest, when saying Dominus vobiscum, at the altar of the painting of the Virgin, pointed with his hand to that column.

Lucas also painted the complete image of Mary, in a wedding dress. I don't know where this painting is located. Another painting where Mary appears in a mourning dress, in life size, I think I've seen where the Virgin's ring was (in Perugia). Luke painted Mary as she was on her way to Calvary to take Christ off the cross. This happened in a wonderful way. When all the apostles fled, Mary went to the cross at dawn, I believe with Mary Cleopas and Salome.
Lucas was on the road and stretched out a canvas with the desire for Mary's image to be printed. He found the image as a drawn shadow and made the painting accordingly. There were two figures there: himself, with the canvas, and Maria, on the way. I don't know if Luke did this just to get the figure of Mary on his canvas, or because it was customary to raise a canvas to people in mourning, or to provide Mary with a service like Veronica wanted to do with Jesus. I see that this picture painted by Lucas still exists among certain people, between Syria and Armenia. These were not really Christians; They believed in John the Baptist and used penance baptism when they wanted to cleanse themselves of their sins. Luke preached in this place and performed many miracles with painting. They chased him and wanted to stone him. However, they kept Lucas' painting. He took with him twelve whom he had converted. They lived near a mountain, about twelve hours from Lebanon, towards the East. In Luke's time there were one hundred. I saw your church as a cave in the mountain; to enter it was necessary to get down; At the top you could see domes, like the windows on the roof of a church.
I saw Lucas's painting at another time; I think these were more modern times, because in Luke's time things were simpler. The church seemed bigger to me; The ceremonies seemed to me very different among the inhabitants. The priest was sitting under an arch, in front of the altar. The painting was hanging from the ceiling. There were many lamps lit in front of the painting, so that it was already dark and blurry.
They have received many graces from the painting and honor it because they have seen wonders because of it. Luke was martyred as a bishop, I believe in Thebes. I saw how they tied him with ropes to an olive tree and killed him with arrows. An arrow hit him in the chest and body and he leaned forward. Then they tied him up again and shot arrows at him again. He was buried secretly at night. I saw that Lucas used as a medicine, during his healing period, mignonette with olive oil mixed, which he blessed. He anointed the sick, making a cross on their forehead and mouth, and also used dry mignonette, with water, which he poured over it.
(*) Luke was a disciple of the Lord, although he did not follow him continuously. According to Saint Gregory the Great, Origen, Eophylactos, Nikephoros, Metaphrastes, he was one of the disciples of Emmaus with Cleopas.

Saint Barnabas, Timothy and Saturninus

Barnabas was sent from the church of Jerusalem to Antioch, where he preached the Gospel in the company of Saint Paul, for a year, with much spiritual fruit, until the Holy Spirit, through the mouth of the prophet, gave him the mission: “Separate Barnabas and Paul for the work I entrusted to them. After receiving episcopal consecration, Barnabas was a companion of Saint Paul for some time. When he separated from him, he made several apostolic excursions. He was in Milan, where he preached the Gospel. On the island of Cyprus, his homeland, he was stoned by the Jews. His body was thrown into the fire, but it did not burn. His

disciples buried him religiously. When his body was found again in the time of Emperor Nero, they found on his chest a part of the Gospel of Saint Matthew. He wrote some things.
Timothy, a disciple of Saint Paul, was taken prisoner on the island of Chios, at the same time that the apostle Saint John was captive on the island of Patmos. I always saw him as tall, dark, thin and pale. On trips he wore a dark jacket, which he tied at the waist. As a bishop, he wore a long dark brown robe, with golden flowers densely embroidered on it. The strands looked like string, but the whole piece was very beautiful. He had a stole around his neck, a belt around his body and on his head a kind of low miter, divided into two. He was loved by everyone. He had a community of converts. Even the soldiers around him loved him.
There was a noble Christian woman there who had fallen into grave guilt. While Timothy was about to celebrate the mysteries in a small church, already at the altar, he discovered by revelation the guilt of that person, who came to the church to hear mass. The holy bishop then went out to the door and imposed penance for her guilt on the woman, preventing her from entering. As a result of this, persecution against the saint arose. He was exiled to Armenia and released, before John, from the island of Patmos. Saint Paul sent him as bishop to Ephesus. In this city he was killed, because he had vehemently condemned the disorders of some orgies celebrated in those days with masks, carrying idols in the bacchanalia.
Saturninus, who together with the apostle Andrew followed Jesus after the baptism of the Jordan, preached after Christ's death in Tarsus. There he was about to be killed by the heathen; but a wind arose with so much dust that, filling the eyes of his pursuers, it allowed Saturninus to escape the wrath of his adversaries. He was also in Rome with Saint Peter and was sent by him to Gaul. There he was in Arelat, Nimes and several other regions of the country. He stayed longer in Tolosa and converted many pagans, after curing a leper who became a Christian. In Tolosa he was martyred. On a mountain where there was a temple to idols, the saint was captured by pagans and tied to an angry bull, which dragged him through thorns and stones on the road, down the ravine. When the furious bull stopped, falling down the ravine, the saint's head was broken. Thus he accomplished his martyrdom. His feast day is celebrated on February 29th.

Lazarus, Martha and Magdalene in the south of France

Three or four years after Christ's death, the Jews arrested Lazarus, Martha, and Magdalene. They also arrested the disciple Maximino and the man born blind healed by Jesus, whose name was Quelitonio, and two maidens and placed them in a dismantled boat, without oars or sails, abandoning them to the mercy of the waves. By a miracle of God they escaped the shipwreck. With the Lord's help, the boat was transported with extraordinary speed across the sea, and stopped on the coast of southern France, near the city of Massilia, today's Marseilles. When they arrived in this city, bacchanalia of some idols were being celebrated. The seven foreigners sat under a columned corridor, in an open place. They stayed like that for a long time, undecided. Marta was the first who, after having consoled herself with what they brought in their small containers, mingled with the city's inhabitants, who approached them and made them understand how they had gotten there. She also talked to them about Jesus, and they were very moved. I also saw how later they threw stones at them to scare them; but the stones did not harm them, and they remained in that place until the next morning. The

others also began to speak and make themselves understood. In this way, they managed to win the sympathy of some people. The next day people came from a large house, which I have as the mayor's office, and asked him many questions. They remained another day under the arches, enjoying the people passing by, who stopped to see the strangers. On the third day they were taken to the mansion, in front of the chief, separated into two groups. The men stayed there with the chief and the women were taken to another house in the city. They were well treated and fed. I saw that they preached and taught in the places where they were taken and that the local leader gave orders in the city not to bother foreigners. Many inhabitants soon allowed themselves to be baptized.
Lázaro baptized in a large fountain, in the square, in front of the temple, which gradually became deserted. I think the chief was also baptized. They didn't stay together for long. Later, Lázaro continued to preach there as a bishop.
Marta went with the two maidens to a wild and rocky region, near the city of Aix, where many pagan slaves lived, whom she converted. Later a convent and a church were built. A monster lived there, causing a lot of damage in the region, on the banks of a river. Marta arrived at the moment the beast was devouring a man. Marta held the monster, placing a belt around its neck, in the name of Jesus, and drowned it, while the people who witnessed the scene ended up killing it.
Marta often preached the Gospel in front of many people, in open places and on the banks of the river. She and her companions made a kind of pulpit with overlapping stones. They placed them forming steps; Inside, the height remained empty like a vault; On top of it they placed a thick stone, on which he preached while standing.
Doing this as a bricklayer would not be better; I have always seen her as a resourceful and extraordinarily organized person. One day it happened that Marta was preaching at this time, on the banks of the river. A young man wanted to swim from the other shore to hear what he was saying; but the water overcame him and the unfortunate man drowned. Therefore, the people were dissatisfied with the saint and reprimanded her for having surrounded herself only with slaves, whom she had managed to convert. When the following day the father found the body of his drowned son, he took him, in the presence of the people, to where Marta was, saying that only if his son was brought back to life could he believe in Christ and the God he announced. . Then Martha commanded the young man, in the name of Jesus, to return to life, and he was resurrected. The resurrected young man, his father and many people became Christians; Others were not converted and considered Marta a witch. I saw that one of his traveling companions, I believe the disciple Maximino, arrived in the region to visit Marta and gave her holy communion. Marta worked, taught and converted many residents of the region. When Madalena separated from them, she withdrew to a solitary region where she lived alone in a cave, which she chose as her home. Maximino sometimes approached, halfway, the place where Madalena was, to give her holy communion.
Madalena died shortly before her sister and was buried in Marta's convent. Above the cave in his room Maximino built a chapel.
Saint Clement Romano (*)
I didn't see Clemente with São Paulo; but I saw him many times with Barnabas: also with Timothy, Luke and Peter. He was a Roman, but his ancestors were Jews from the borders of Egypt. He was married and received inspiration to live in continence, which was also practiced by his wife, who later, I believe, was martyred. He was the third Pope, after Peter. I saw Pope Clement shortly before

the persecution. He was extraordinarily emaciated and pale: I saw him so haggard that he looked like Our Lord when he carried the cross. His cheeks sunken and his mouth contracted with the sadness with which he looked at the blindness and falsehood of the people of the world. I saw him teaching in a room, sitting down. His listeners had very different ideas: some were sad and moved, others pretended to be and were happy with the end they saw approaching. Others doubted and did not decide to believe. Then the Roman soldiers entered and took him to prison. They dragged him and put him in a carriage. In the back there was a hidden seat and in the front others were open. They left the saint behind. About six soldiers got into the carriage with him; others walked alongside. The horses were smaller and shorter than today's, and with different harnesses; They didn't have as many handles. I saw the saint traveling day and night, very patient, with an air of sadness. When they reached the sea, he was placed in a boat and the carriage returned. Then I had a vision of the region where Clemente was taken. It was a miserable region, deserted and arid, where there were many caves: the whole region was sad and poor. Clemente was taken to a house that had two wings, one of them leaving the middle of the previous one.
Each wing had a portico with columns around it. Clemente was introduced through a door and taken to the wing where the head of the place was; He was then taken to the wing where the prisoners were being held. I saw Clemente in a desert begging for water. A ray of light came from the sky and opened like a packing tube, and from it came a lamb that with one of its paws reached for it with a stick with a tip as sharp as an arrow. Below, on the ground, was another lamb. Clemente buried his stick in the ground and immediately a jet of water came out. The lambs disappeared immediately.
Clemente prayed to receive the Blessed Sacrament. All those who drank that water felt inclined towards the Blessed Sacrament. Clement converted and baptized many pagans. I saw this in his martyrdom: they threw him into a cave full of vipers and then poured water inside. He managed to get out with a ladder. I saw how they threw him into the sea, from a boat, with an anchor tied around his neck. Where his body was dragged, a tomb was formed in the rock, which became visible when the sea receded. The Christians made a chapel with that rock, around the tomb, which was sometimes buried in the waters of the sea. His feast day is celebrated on November 25th.
(*) Baronius assures (11, 105-113): “About the life and martyrdom of Clement, we have the safest traditions among both the Greeks and the Romans... The Passio Clementis was read in churches”.

Saint Ignatius of Antioch

I saw Jesus in front of a little house with his disciples. Jesus sent one of them to the house opposite to bring a woman with her children, who came with them, and even the youngest, who was three or four years old. When the child arrived before the Lord, the circle around the Lord opened and the apostles closed again, and the child remained inside. Jesus spoke about him: he placed his hands on his head and hugged him to his chest. The mother turned and the child was evaded towards her again. This child was later Saint Ignatius of Antioch. He had been a good son, but with Jesus' blessing he was transformed. Many times I saw him go alone to the place where Jesus blessed him, kiss the ground and say: “here was that holy man”. I saw him playing with other children, choosing apostles and disciples and walking around, as if he were playing, teaching and imitating what he had seen the Lord

do. I've seen him with other children at the blessing site, telling them the fact and telling them that they should also kiss the place. His parents were alive and I saw them amazed at what they saw in the child and they were moved and became Christians. Later he joined the apostles, especially John, to whom he became related, and I saw that John later consecrated him a priest.
When João was arrested for the first time, Ignacio didn't want to abandon him.
After Evodius, who succeeded Peter in the see of Antioch, he was followed by Ignatius, who was made bishop by John, I believe, or by Peter himself.
I saw that an Emperor passed through that region, to whom Ignatius was introduced, and in public the Emperor asked him if it was he who, like an evil spirit, was bringing revolt to the city. Ignatius responded by saying why he called someone who had God in his heart a devil. The Emperor asked if he knew who was interrogating him, and the saint replied yes, and that he was the first one the devil sent to rebuke a servant of God. The emperor condemned him to martyrdom in Rome and Ignatius thanked him with great joy. I saw them tie him up and take him to another city to ship him off. There were soldiers there who guarded him and made him suffer a lot. I saw him disembark and wherever he went many bishops and Christians came to greet him and ask for his blessing. At Smyrna he stopped with Bishop Polycarp, who had been his colleague; Everyone was very happy to see each other and he exhorted and encouraged everyone. There I saw him write letters. I heard how he wrote and wanted them to pray that the wild beasts would grind him like wheat in a mill, so that he would be worthy bread for the Lord and for sacrifice.
Also in Rome, Christians came to meet the saint, wept and knelt before him and asked for his blessing. He also told them that he wanted to be crushed to host the Lord. His entire journey was a triumph. I saw him arrive at the place of martyrdom. There he prayed, hoping that the lions would give him time to finish his prayer; who would then devour him, leaving only a few bones and his heart, so that they could still do something for Christ on earth. There I received a teaching about the virtue and importance of worshiping relics. As he had asked, so it was done.
Suddenly the furious lions rushed upon him; At one point he was dead. They devoured him and licked his blood. Nothing was left, just a few large bones and his heart.
I saw how when the lions were removed and the public dispersed, the Christians came and disputed their relics. Everyone looked at his heart and saw the letters of Jesus' name engraved as in the title of the cross. The letters seemed to be formed by bluish veins, born there.

Visions of the Martyrs
Longinus
On March 15, 1821, Ana Catalina communicated these concepts about a vision she had at night about Saint Longinus, whose feast day fell on that same day. which the sister did not know about.
Longinus, who had another name, served, both civil and military, alongside Pilate, who tasked him with monitoring what was happening and telling him about it. He was nice and helpful; but before his conversion he lacked firmness and strength of character. He did everything in a hurry; He liked to give himself importance and, as he was cross-eyed, his colleagues often made fun of him. I saw it many times that night, and hence the whole Passion: I don't know how that idea came to me; What I remember is that it was because of him.

Longinus was a low-class officer. On the night that Jesus was taken to the courtyard of Caiaphas, he was in the hall with the soldiers: he went in and out incessantly. When Pedro was afraid of the maid's words, it was one of those who told him: “You are one of that man's supporters”. When Jesus was led to Calvary, he approached the escort on Pilate's orders, and the Savior gave him a look that moved him. Immediately I saw him on Golgotha with the soldiers. He was on horseback and had a spear. I saw him in Pilate's house after the Lord's death: he said that Jesus' legs should not be broken. He ran back to Calvary.

His spear was made of many pieces that fit together, and by stretching them out, it could be three times its length. This is what he did when he suddenly decided to throw the spear at Jesus; He was converted on Calvary and expressed to Pilate his conviction that Jesus was the Son of God. Nicodemus obtained the spear of Longinus from Pilate. I have seen many things related to this spear. Longinus, after his conversion, left the army and joined the disciples. He was one of the first to receive baptism after Pentecost, with two other soldiers converted at the foot of the cross.

I saw Longinus and those two men return to their homeland dressed in long white suits. They lived in the countryside, in an arid and swampy country. The forty martyrs died in this same place. Longinus was a deacon and, as such, went around the country announcing Christ and telling the Passion and Resurrection as an eyewitness.

He converted many people and healed many sick people by making them touch a piece of the sacred spear he carried with him. The Jews were very angry with him and his two companions, because they published everywhere the truth of the Savior's resurrection and revealed their cruelties and wiles. At the instigation of the Jews,

They sent Roman soldiers to Longinus' homeland to arrest him and try him as a deserter and disturber of public peace. He was cultivating his land when they arrived and led them to his house, where he hosted them. They did not know him, and when they told him the purpose of the journey, he sent for his two companions, who lived in a kind of hermitage a little distance away, and told the soldiers that they were the three they had. come look.

The same happened with the gardener Phocas. The soldiers were sad because they liked him. I saw them take the three to a neighboring town, where they were interrogated; They weren't in prison: just prisoners on parole, but they had a specific mark on their shoulder. Then they beheaded the three in a place between the city and the house of Longinus and buried them there. The soldiers placed Longinus' head on the tip of a spear and took it to Jerusalem to prove that they had accomplished their mission. It seemed to me that this happened a few years after the Lord's death.

Then I had a vision of a later time. A blind woman, from the country of Saint Longinus, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, hoping to be healed in the holy city, where Longinus's eyes were healed. Her son took her, but he died and she was left abandoned and without comfort. Then Saint Longinus appeared to him and told him that he would recover his sight if he took his head out of the sewer where the Jews had thrown it.

It was a vaulted hole, where dirt was collected by several conduits.

I saw some people taking the poor woman there: she went into the sewer up to her neck,

and took away the sacred head. She was healed and returned to her homeland; those who accompanied her kept their heads. That's all I remember.

Centurion Abenadar

On April 1, 1823, Sister Emmerick said that that day was the feast of Saint Ctesiphon, the centurion who attended the crucifixion, and that during the night she saw many peculiarities of his life. But suffering and external distractions made him forget most of it. Here's what she said.

Abenadar, later called Ctesiphon, was a native of a country located between Babylon and Egypt, in Happy Arabia, to the right of Job's last residence. There, on a low mountain, there was a group of quadrangular houses with flat roofs.

There were many small trees: frankincense and balsam were harvested. I was in Abenadar's house, which was large and spacious, like that of a rich man, but very low. All the houses were built like this, undoubtedly because of the wind, since the location was very high, Abenadar had joined the garrison of the Antónia fortress in Jerusalem as a volunteer. He served in the Roman army to better practice the liberal arts, as he was a very lively man, with a dark face and a short waist.

Jesus' initial preaching and a miracle he witnessed convinced him that the Jews were saved, and he adopted the law of Moses.

He was not yet a disciple of the Savior; However, he had no ill intentions against Him; On the contrary, he professed secret veneration for him. He was a very serious man: when he came to Golgotha to relieve the guard, he maintained order and decorum until the moment when the truth triumphed in him, and he testified before all the people the divinity of Jesus. Since he was rich and a volunteer, it was easy for him to leave his job instantly. He helped with the lowering of the cross and the burial of Our Lord; This brought him into intimate relations with Jesus' disciples: after Pentecost, he received baptism, one of the first, in the pool of Bethesda, and took the name Ctesiphon. He had a brother in Arabia: he told him of the miracles he witnessed and called him to the path of salvation. He came to Jerusalem and was baptized with the name Cæcilius. He was entrusted with Ctesiphon to help the deacons in the new Christian community.

Ctesiphon accompanied the apostle James the Greater to Spain and also returned with him.

He was later sent to Spain by the apostles and carried the body of James, who had been martyred in Jerusalem. He was a bishop and had his habitual residence on a kind of island or peninsula near France. That site was later destroyed by a flood. The name of his residence was similar to Vergui. I don't remember if Ctesiphon was martyred. He wrote many works containing details about the Passion of Jesus Christ: but some forged books were published in his name, and his books were attributed to others. Later, Rome discarded these writings, most of them apocryphal, although there was something of its own in them.

One of the tomb guards, who did not want to allow himself to be corrupted by the Jews, was his compatriot and friend. His name was similar to Sulei or Suleii. After spending some time in prison, he retired to a cave on Mount Sinai, where he lived for seven years. This man received great graces and wrote very profound books, in the style of those of Dionysius the Areopagite. Another writer took advantage of his works and, thus, some of them reached us. I knew all this and also the name of the book, but I forgot. This compatriot of Ctesiphon later accompanied him to Spain. Among Ctesiphon's companions in that country were his brother Cecílio, Indalécio, Hesício and Eufrásio. Another Arab, called Sulima, became at first, and later, a deacon, a compatriot of Ctesiphon, whose name sounded like Sulensis.

Nicodemus and Veronica

Ana Catalina said several times that her relic box must include one of Nicodemus, as she had a vision of her nocturnal visit to Jesus.

Once the relic was found, he narrated the following:

I saw that Nicodemus, after returning from the burial of Jesus with Joseph and others, did not go to the Upper Room where some of the apostles were hiding, but went to his home. He had with him the cloths used to lower the Savior's body from the cross. He was spied on and watched by the Jews at every step. They took him prisoner and locked him in a room. They intended to leave him there throughout the Sabbath and then present him for trial. I saw an angel come to him in the night. There was no window in that room, but it seemed to me that the angel lifted the roof and carried the prisoner along the walls of the building. I saw him that same night go to where the others were in the Cenacle. They hid it there, and when he learned of the Lord's resurrection, Joseph of Arimathea took it with him and hid it for a certain time in his house, until he assumed the functions of distributor and dispenser with him. It was then that the blankets used in the deposition of Jesus reached the hands of the Jews.

I saw a picture from the third year after the Ascension of the Lord, when the Roman Emperor had Veronica, Nicodemus, and a disciple named Epaphras, a relative of Joanna Chusa, go to Rome. The Emperor wanted to see and hear witnesses of Jesus' death and resurrection. Epaphras was a disciple of great simplicity of spirit and ready to please everyone in any service. He had been a servant of the temple and a messenger to the priests. He had seen Jesus with the apostles after the first days of the resurrection and several other times. I saw Veronica next to the Emperor, who was ill, placed on a bench of steps, in front of a large curtain. The room was square, not very big. There was no window there, but the light came from above and there were some ropes hanging from certain valves that allowed them to open or close to let in air and light at will. There was no one in the room when Veronica entered: the servants had remained in the antechamber. I saw that Veronica was carrying the Shroud and another cloth that was used in Jesus' burial.

He extended the Holy Shroud before the Emperor, where the face of the Lord appeared printed on one side. It was a long scarf or extensive veil that Veronica used to wear around her neck or head. The image of the Savior was not as if it had been painted, but it seemed to be engraved with blood and was longer on one side. The Shroud covered and surrounded the entire face of the Lord. On the other cloth one could see the bloody image of the entire scourged body. I think it was a cloth with which they washed the body before the burial. I didn't see that the Emperor was touched with those cloths or that he even touched them. But I saw that he suddenly felt completely healthy upon seeing such objects. I wanted to stay with Verónica, give her gifts, a house and people to serve. She begged for grace to return to Jerusalem so that she could die where the Savior had died. Then I saw in another painting that Pilate was called by the Emperor, very indignant with him. I saw that Pilate, before presenting himself to the Emperor, placed on his chest, beneath his dress, a piece of Jesus' cloak that the soldiers had placed on him. I saw him among the guards, waiting to appear before the Emperor. It seemed like he knew the Emperor's anger. When the Emperor appeared, I saw that he was really indignant; but when he came near Pilate, he suddenly became gentle and benevolent and listened to him with interest. When Pilate left, the emperor was again indignant and summoned him to his presence; but I saw him again

become benevolent, and I knew that this came from the proximity of the Savior's robe which Pilate wore on his breast. I believe that I then saw Pilate, having already left there, languishing in desolation and misery.
As for Nicodemus, I later saw him mistreated by the Jews and left to die. Gamaliel took him to his possession, where Stephen had been buried.
He died there and was buried there.

The holy martyr Susanna

I saw many paintings relating to Saint Susana, whose relic I keep here. Susana kept me company for a whole night. Now I only remember a few episodes from his life. I saw her in Rome, in a large palace. His father's name was Gabino: he was a Christian: and his brother was Pope. The Pope's house was next to his father's palace. I saw Gabino's house with its peristyle and its columned corridor. The mother would certainly already be dead, because she was never shown to me. There were many Christians in that house. Both Susana and her father distributed everything they had to poor Christians. They did this with certain secrecy. I saw a messenger sent by Emperor Dioclesian to Gabino, as they were relatives. In that message he asked him to give Susana in marriage to his son-in-law, who had lost his wife. I saw that at first Gabino was happy with the proposal and shared it with Susana, who expressed her disgust at marrying a pagan and told him that she was already united to Jesus Christ. I saw that Dioclesian, as a result of such a response, had her removed from her father's side and taken to the court of his wife Serena so that she could change her mind. I saw that she was secretly a Christian and that Susana complained to her about her situation and I saw them praying together. She was taken back to her father's house. I saw that the Emperor sent her a relative (Claudius), who as soon as he entered the house wanted to kiss her, not out of reckless impudence, but out of custom and kinship. I saw her move away from that embrace with her hand, and when he explained his honest intentions to her, I heard her tell him that a mouth contaminated with the praise of false gods should not touch her. Later I saw how he allowed himself to be taught about the falsehood of his gods and the errors of paganism and was baptized by his uncle, the Pope, together with his wife and children.
Seeing that the Emperor had gone so long without giving him an answer, he sent a brother to ask what had happened. The brother found Cláudio with his wife and children on their knees, praying, and was very surprised to learn that they had become Christians. Later, when he requested an answer about Susanna's marriage, Claudius suggested that he go to where Susanna was, so that he could see if a person like Susanna could be the wife of an idolater. The two brothers went to where Susana was and Cláudio's brother also converted and became a Christian through Susana and her uncle, the Pope. Empress Serena had with her a lady and two servants who were also Christians. I saw them and Susana go secretly, at night, to a small underground chamber located beneath the imperial palace. There was an altar there and a lamp always lit. They prayed there, where a priest secretly arrived to consecrate and administer the sacraments. I saw that the Emperor, upon learning of the conversion of the two brothers, was very angry and had them arrested along with everyone in his house. Then they were all martyred. Susana's father was arrested.
Later I saw a painting: Susana was alone in a large room next to a round table on which there were golden figures. He had his hands folded, his eyes uplifted, and he was praying fervently. This room had round openings at the top. In the corners

were white statues the size of children; Animal heads were specially carved on the headboards of the furniture. I saw figures reclining on their hind legs, which had wings and long tails, and I saw some who held labels and volumes with their front paws. (Architectural ornaments of winged lions and griffins). While Susanna was praying, I saw that the emperor sent his own son to rape her. He, leaving many individuals who accompanied him in the antechamber, advanced stealthily towards Susanna; But an apparition appeared at the meeting and he fell to the floor as if he were dead. Only then did Susana look and scream for help when she saw him lying on the floor. Several people came, amazed, picked up the young man and took him away. That apparition appeared at the same time to Susana and the seducer who was behind her: as soon as she placed herself between the two, the man fell to the ground. Then I saw another image. Another person approached Susana, accompanied by twenty other men; two idolatrous priests carried a golden idol. It had to be empty, because it was very bright. They carried it on a flat surface with two handles. They placed it in the palace courtyard inside a niche, between two columns: they took a round piece of wood, which they placed on a tripod and placed in front of the idol. Many then entered the palace and took Susana out of the room, at the top. They brought her before the idol to sacrifice. She prayed fervently to the Lord, and before arriving at the place I saw a wonder. From there that idol fled, crossing between the courtyard and the nearby colonnade, as if carried by force, and passing over it, went down to the street, where it fell to pieces. A man passing by on the street came in announcing what had happened.

Then I saw that the men tore Susanna's clothes, so that only on her chest was she able to keep a piece of cloth to cover herself; the back and back were uncovered; In this state she had to pass by the soldiers who stabbed her and wounded her with their horns, causing her to fall unconscious. They took her to a room in the palace, where they left her almost dead. Later I saw her again inside a temple, where she was to be sacrificed to the gods; but the idol fell prostrate to the ground. She was then dragged home by her hair and beheaded in the courtyard of her palace. During the night the Empress and a servant of Susana came and took the body, wrapped it in sheets and buried it. The Empress cut off her hair and some fragments of her fingers. I saw that the Pope soon celebrated mass at the place of his martyrdom and burial. Susana's appearance was round and strong; your black hair. She was dressed all in white and her hair was intertwined on her head. She had a veil tied under her chin that covered her head and fell back at two corners over her shoulders.

Saint Justina and Saint Cyprian (*)

I saw Justina since she was a child, when she was in the courtyard of her father's house, who was a priest of the gods. This courtyard was separated from the temple only by a street.

In the presence of his mistress, he went down to a cistern, where he stood on a stone surrounded by water. Underground entrances led to this location, where several species of snakes and other hideous-looking animals were housed and fed. I've seen Justina fearlessly hold a snake in her hands and other smaller animals. He caught them by the tail and was very happy when they straightened themselves like sails and turned their heads from side to side. They didn't hurt her and felt familiar and domestic. There were there certain animals which among us we call large-headed (salamamdras), about a foot long, which were used in the worship of idols.

I heard that Justina heard a sermon in a Christian church about original sin and redemption. He was moved, had his mother baptized and also converted. She told her husband that she was very distressed because of an apparition, and he was baptized along with Justina's mother. They then lived in isolation, with great mercy. An image

It especially caught my attention. Justina had a graceful oval face and beautiful blond hair, shining like gold; She wore them tied around her head, in braids as soft as silk, which fell in many curls down her back.

I saw that while she was at the table with her parents she was eating small loaves of bread, and her father, looking at her hair, said to her: "I fear, my daughter, that this will not go well with you, but that, like Absalom, you will remain connected to the world." Justina was very thoughtful when she heard these words; I had never noticed this danger. She left there and I don't know what she did with her hair; but it completely wore away her beauty and damaged her eyebrows. They looked like they were scorched by fire. Thus disfigured, she passed through the city and introduced herself to her father, who barely recognized her. A young man who loved her wanted to kidnap her by force, as he could not possess her by any other means. With other armed companions he waited for her hidden behind the walls where a lonely road ran. After he had her in his power, she rejected him with both hands and ordered him not to move. By a miracle, the young man was unable to follow her until the young woman was out of danger.

Later I saw this young man ask for help from the magician Cipriano, who, with great pride and confidence in his power, promised him. I saw Cyprian very involved in his magical arts and enchantments, although he was a man of noble and magnanimous spirit. From childhood he was instructed in magic; He had traveled to remote countries to learn more and lived enjoying great fame in the city of Antioquia, where Justina lived with her parents. He achieved such audacity in his arts that publicly, even in the Christian church, he mocked Jesus.

Using his magical arts, he sometimes forced people to leave the church. I saw how he evoked the devil. He had a kind of vault in his house, half buried in the earth, with an opening at the top to let in light. Around the walls were ominous images of idols in the form of snakes and other animals.

In a corner there was a statue, empty inside, with open jaws, the size of a man, and it stood on the edge of a round altar, on which was a brazier.

When Cyprian evoked the devil, he was covered with a garment that he wore especially in these cases. He lit the fire on the altar; read certain names in a volume; He went up to the altar and pronounced those names, shouting into the jaws of the idol. Very soon the hellish spirit appeared next to him in human form, more or less in the appearance of a servant. There is always something dark and restless, like the remorse of a conscience, wrapped in those apparitions. I then saw that the evil one tempted Justina twice to incite her to evil, under the guise of a young man. He was found in the peristyle of his house. Justina freed herself from the enemy by making the sign of the cross, and placed herself under the protection of the same cross that she made in every corner of her room. I saw her in the secret room of her house, on her knees, praying.

Inside a niche in his house there was a cross and a sincere child: it seemed to be in custody: the upper part was free and the child had his little hands crossed.

While she was kneeling, an ill-intentioned young man advanced towards her. Then a lady of great majesty appeared, coming out of the wall, and the young man fell to the ground before Justina even saw him. The apparition immediately disappeared from view.

Then I saw her destroy all her beauty with an ointment. I also saw that Cipriano was sliding down the walls of the house, spilling liquid on the walls.
This happened at a time when Justina was not in prayer, far from suspecting any danger. She felt strongly agitated and began to wander from one part of her house to another; Finally he took refuge in his room, adjusted the crosses he had fixed in the corners of the room and knelt, praying, until the enchanter had to give in and leave. When Cyprian made the third attempt, the tempter appeared in the form of a pious virgin who began to talk about purity and virginity with Justina. At first Justina liked the maiden's conversation, but when she began to reason about Adam and Eve and marriage, Justina recognized the tempter and took refuge next to her cross. When Cyprian learned what had happened to the evil spirit, I saw him determined to become a Christian. I've seen him with his face prostrate on the floor, inside a church, and having himself trampled on by others who entered, as if he were crazy. He felt great regret and burned all his magic books. Over the years he became a bishop and chose Justina as a deaconess. She lived close to the church and was responsible for making and embroidering the sacred ornaments. Later I saw the two martyred. Cipriano and Justina were hanging by one hand from a tree that had been bent by force, and it seemed to me that they had been destroyed with sharp iron spikes.
(*) The Kirchenlexikon brings the story. of Justina and Cipriano according to the visions of Ana Catalina. The story is used by Calderón de la Barça in "The Prodigious Magician", with some arrangements. leaving the historical context in accordance with the Roman and Saint Antonine Martyrology.

Saint Dionysius the Areopagite (*)

I saw the saint in his childhood, when he was the son of pagan parents. He was always a profound scrutinizer of the truth and always commended himself to a God of a superior nature. It was illustrated by God in dreams through visions. I saw him reprimanded by his parents for neglecting the worship of the gods, and then entrusted to the teachings of a very severe preceptor. During the night an apparition came and told him to flee the house while the preceptor slept.
Dionysius passed through Palestine, where he heard a lot about Jesus Christ: he heard everything, eagerly retaining everything they told him. In Egypt I saw him learning astronomy in that place where the Holy Family was. At that school I saw him with others watching the eclipse of the sun that followed Jesus' death. He exclaimed; "This is not natural; either a God dies at this moment or this is the end of the world." I saw that his former tutor went, encouraged by an apparition, in search of Dionysus. He found him and Dionysus went with him to Heliópolis. For a long time he was unable to understand the idea of a Crucified God. After his conversion, he traveled a lot with São Paulo.
She was with him in Ephesus to visit Mary Most Holy. Pope Clement sent him to Paris.
I saw your martyrdom. He took his decapitated head, between his hands crossed on his chest, and with it he spun around the mountain. The executioners fled in fear. A vivid glow came out of the saint. A good lady buried him. He was very old when he died. He had many heavenly visions, and Saint Paul manifested his own visions to him. He wrote magnificent volumes, many of which have survived. The book of Sacraments was not written by him in all its parts; It was finished by another writer.

(*) Natal Alejandro (111-168) brings many testimonies of Dionysius Areopagite that agree with what Ana Catalina saw. It says that Dionysius, now 90 years old, went to Rome, where he was received by Pope Clement, and sent to Gaul, where he suffered martyrdom. Saint Anthony adds that he was taught for years by Saint Paul.
Decapitated, he carried his head – angelo duce et cæleste lúimine præcedente – from the site of Montmatre to where today is the church of Saint Dionysius.

Saint Ursula and her companions

Úrsula and her companions were massacred by the Huns in 450, an hour away, near the city of Cologne. Other companions were in other, more distant places. Ursula was created by God to preserve the virgins and widows of her time from seduction and indignation and guide them to the heavenly sphere of crowned martyrs. She accomplished her mission with wonderful strength and determination. Archangel Raphæl was given to him as a special guide and told him the mission entrusted to him.
God's mercy did not want that in that time of destruction so many virgins and widows who fell defenseless into the hands of the barbarians, due to bloody wars, became unfortunate victims of total spiritual ruin; That was why they preferred to die as innocent virgins rather than fall into sin and be eternally lost. Úrsula was very determined and quick in her movements; of tall stature and robust constitution: his appearance was not handsome, but severe, and his manners manly. When he suffered martyrdom he was thirty-three years old.
I saw her as a child, in the house of her father Deonoto and her mother Geruma, in a city in England. The house was on a long street: there were steps in front of the door and in the street an iron fence with yellow buttons: it was similar to Benedict's house, in Italy, which also had bronze fences and gates. Úrsula had ten companions who met with her every day before and after noon to run in defiance, divided into two platoons, inside an enclosure surrounded by walls; Sometimes they apparently fought by shaking hands or throwing pikes or spears from a distance. Not all of these young women were Christians; but Úrsula and her parents already were.
Úrsula was considered a guide for her companions and everything she did with them was at the suggestion of her guardian angel. The parents regarded all this with joy. At that time Maximian dominated the island of England as leader: he was a pagan and I can't say if he was the husband of Otilia, Ursula's older sister, but I know that Otilia was married, while Ursula had consecrated herself to the Lord. I saw that a powerful warrior and noble lord came to Úrsula's father, because he had heard about her exercises and wanted to witness them. The father was upset and tried his best to avoid the meeting. I saw that that man, whom Úrsula's father did not dare oppose, came forward to witness the young women's ability and as he was admired by Úrsula's ability and presence, he wanted her as his wife. His companions must be the wives of his men-at-arms and his officers and must live overseas, in lands that are still very unpopulated. I thought of Bonaparte (Napoleon) who gave young women as wives to his officers. I saw the father's great confusion and the daughter's horror upon learning of the noble warrior's irrefutable proposal. Úrsula went at night to the place where she practiced exercises, and there she cried out, in fervent prayer, to the Lord. The Archangel Raphæl appeared to her and consoled her saying that she should demand as many companions as possible for each of those virgins and ask for a period of

three years to exercise all types of agility and combat maneuvers on certain boats. Furthermore, she must have confidence in the Lord, who would help her keep her vow of virginity intact.
He also told her that she must convert all her companions to the Christian faith during these three years, promising them God's protection. I saw that Úrsula said all these things to her father, who communicated them to her suitor, who consented to the proposal. Úrsula and her ten companions then obtained another ten young women as associates and the first would be guides for the newly added ones. The father ordered five small boats to be assembled and in each of them there would be twenty children with some sailors who instructed them in handling and training on deck. They practiced all kinds of exercises in their boats, first on the river, then on the seashore and finally at sea. They guided the boats, chased each other, separated, went from one ship to another and did other similar exercises. I saw that many people came to see the spectacle of such skills: the father and the suitor watched from the sidelines and he especially seemed proud, thinking that in time he would have as his wife a woman as determined and as worthy of her courage as a warrior like him. Later I saw that those young women continued their exercises alone and without any man to help them. Only Bertrando, the confessor, remained with two other ecclesiastics. During this time Úrsula had already converted all of her companions, who were baptized by the priests; I saw that their trust in God and their steadfastness increased as they waited for the Lord to fulfill the promises he had made. There were even twelve-year-old girls on the boats who had been baptized. Other times I saw them disembark and continue their seamanship exercises. They did all this, mixing prayers, prayers and songs, with courage and total freedom. Ursula's gravity and courage were surprising. The young women wore clothes that reached their knees.
They wore sandals: their chests were protected and covered with tight, but very slender dresses. Her hair was partially loose and intertwined on her head; others wore headscarves that ended at the shoulders. In their fighting games they used light and blunt arrows.
I saw that when the three-year term was ending, these young women had one heart and one soul. When they were about to embark on a journey to go to the lands where they would be wives of warriors and say goodbye to their parents, Úrsula was in prayer. Then a luminous figure appeared before her, who told her that she should trust God completely; that the Lord had determined that they should all die martyrs, like the pure virgins and their wives: that she would spread the faith of Christ wherever the Lord led her and that through her many other virgins would be freed from being dishonored by the pagans and they would arrive as martyrs to heaven. The angel told her that she, with a portion of her companions, should reach Rome.
She confided all these things to the other ten virgins who with her guided the others, and they were greatly consoled. But I also saw that many other virgins seemed discouraged and complained about Ursula, claiming that how could they be wives of Jesus Christ since they were given over to earthly wives. She went around all the boats and told them about the sacrifice of Abraham and his son Isaac, and how God wonderfully intervened in that sacrifice: God would also intervene so that they could offer a pure and perfect victim. I told them that those who did not feel encouraged should abandon ship: but they all felt strong and remained faithful. When they left the coast of England, believing that they were

heading for the lands of their future husbands, a storm separated the young women's ships from those who accompanied them and took them to the coast of Holland. It was not possible to use oars or sails and when they approached the coast the sea rose in very dangerous waves. When they arrived on land for the first time, they found themselves surrounded by a rude and savage people, who took possession of them. Úrsula went ahead of them, excited, and they were able to return to the boats, after she spoke to them energetically. Upon leaving the sea, they began to ascend the Rhine River, finding a city where they suffered anguish and sorrows. Úrsula spoke on behalf of everyone and responded for everyone. As some more daring people tried to get their hands on them, they courageously prepared for defense and obtained protection from heaven. I saw that their oppressors stood still and did nothing to harm them. During the rest of the journey, many other virgins and widows with their children accompanied them. Before arriving in Cologne, they were detained and interrogated many times by groups of fierce people-watchers who lived on those beaches: they asked them with threats where they were going and what they wanted. It was always Úrsula who answered for them all and then exhorted her companions to row and continue the journey with new zeal. Thus, unharmed and without offense, they arrived in Cologne. There was a small Christian community there with a church, where they stopped for some time, and the widows and young people who joined them stayed there permanently. Úrsula exhorted them all to suffer martyrdom as Christian virgins and matrons, rather than tolerate the violence of pagan barbarians. Those who remained spread throughout the country and remained faithful to Úrsula's feelings and exhortations. She sailed with five boats to Basel, where many of her companions remained in the boats and she, with forty people, including some priests and guides, headed for Rome. They went like pilgrims in procession through deserted places and rugged mountains. They prayed and sang psalms, and where they camped Ursula spoke to them about chaste marriages with Jesus and the pure death of Christian virgins. Everywhere they met people who associated with them for a while and then separated.

In Rome they visited the places of martyrdom and the tombs of the martyrs. Because of the rather short clothes and the rather free manner that they had become accustomed to during their years of exercise, they were warned, and from then on they covered themselves with longer clothes and cloaks. Pope Leo the Great wanted to see Ursula: he examined her, questioned her about various things. She entrusted him with the secret of her mission and expressed her visions to him and with great humility and obedience she listened to the Pope's exhortations. The Pontiff gave him, with his blessing, many relics of Saints. On the return journey, Úrsula was accompanied by Bishop Ciriaco, an Egyptian priest named Pedro, and a priest from the hometown of Saint Augustine, grandson of that man who donated the land where he founded monasteries to the saint, providing them with some income. These ecclesiastics accompanied Ursula and her virgins mainly because of the precious relics they carried. Úrsula took to Cologne a bone fragment of Saint Peter, which was still recognized as such, although its origin was unknown. He also took a relic of Saint Paul: Saint John the Evangelist's hair and a fragment of the clothing that covered him when he was placed in the cauldron of boiling oil. When they reached Basel, so many people joined her that they sailed in eleven boats towards Cologne.

The Huns had now taken control of the city of Cologne and everything was in the greatest confusion and disorder. :

Still far from Cologne, the Archangel Raphæl appeared again to Ursula and announced her upcoming crown of martyrdom and instructed her in everything she should do; He told him, among other things, to resist until all his companions were baptized and had the proper disposition. Úrsula communicated this vision to her most determined and faithful companions, and they all turned to ask the Lord for help. Being already a short distance from Cologne, they were received with wild screams by the Hun troops who fired arrows at the boats. They rowed quickly past the town and would not have disembarked if they had not left many of their companions there. An hour away from Cologne, they disembarked and gathered in a small plain among bushes and formed a kind of camp. I saw that many of those who remained and other women joined them. Úrsula and the priests instructed them, divided them into groups and prepared them to fight for the faith. I saw the approach of the Huns and their leaders dealing with Ursula. They intended to forcibly select some young women and divide them among themselves. The heroic young women gathered and defended themselves: many inhabitants of the city and surrounding areas, oppressed by the invaders, also rallied with them. Others, who became friends with the virgins who remained on Ursula's first journey, decided to protect that colony of young people and began to fight and defend themselves with horns and sticks and every type of weapon they found at hand. This resistance had been ordered by the angel to Ursula to buy time and prepare all her companions for martyrdom. During the fight for resistance, I saw Úrsula run through the squadrons arranged further back, speaking and praying with great zeal, while the priests baptized those who were not yet Christians, as many young pagan women and girls joined them for this purpose. When they were all baptized and ready for martyrdom and the enemies surrounded them on all sides, they ceased defense and prepared for martyrdom, singing praises to the Lord. The enemies began to wound them with nails and pierce them with spears.

I saw a whole line of virgins fall, pierced by the darts of the Huns, who surrounded them; Among them was one called Edit, of which I have a relic.

Ursula was pierced by a spear. Among the bodies that covered the field of martyrdom, besides the virgins from England, there were many women and maidens who joined them from various places, as well as priests from Rome and other men, and some from the enemies. Many others were massacred aboard the same boats. Córdula did not go with Úrsula to Rome, but stayed in Cologne, where he won many to the Christian faith. During the chase she remained hidden out of fear. Then she appeared and joined her companions in being martyred. The Huns wanted to keep them as other companions at all costs; But they resisted their demands so much that in the end they tied them by the arms and, arranged in a line, pierced them with arrows.

Singing happily, as if they were going to a wedding, they suffered martyrdom. Many others presented themselves to the Huns confessing their Christian faith and were massacred in several places. Shortly afterwards, the Huns left Cologne. The bodies of the martyrs were collected from the place of martyrdom, taken near Cologne and buried in an enclosure. Vast excavations were made, many underground walls were walled up, and the sacred relics, distributed in an orderly manner, were piously preserved.

These young women's boats were very beautiful, very light, open, with galleries around them, decorated with little flags; They had a mast and a protruding edge. To row, women sat on benches that were also used for sleeping. I've never seen small boats so well arranged. At the time Ursula left England, the holy bishops

Germanus and Lupus were living in France. The first visited Santa Genevieve, who was turning twelve years old. When Germanus and Lupus went to England to fight heresies, they consoled the parents of Úrsula and the other virgins, who were mourning the absence of their daughters. I saw the Huns, for the most part, with their legs bare. They wore wide doublets with long leather straps that covered the lower part of the body, and long cloaks that they wore wrapped around their backs.
(*) Alberto Gereon Stein, Parish Priest of Santa Úrsula, Cologne, collected in his book Die Ursula und Ihre Gesellschaft-Bachem (1879) all the data and evidence about the Saint, reaching the following conclusions: 1st Úrsula is the daughter of a king of Great Britain and leader of the companions; 2nd The number of martyrs was eleven thousand and they were from Great Britain; 3rd They were martyred by the Huns who were then devastating Germany and Gaul. and Italy.

Saint Nicostratus

That relic that I indicated with N is from Saint Nicostratus. He was Greek by nationality and was taken prisoner with his mother and other Christians and taken to Rome.
The mother was martyred with other Christians, and the abandoned son received a pagan education. He became a sculptor and I've seen him working with three colleagues. The sculptors lived in their own part of the city, where large pieces of raw marble were seen everywhere. They worked in vast, hidden rooms, where the light came from above: they sometimes wore dark fur hoods to protect their faces from the marble chips. I saw that Nicostratus and his companions went in search of certain caves for digging stones, where some Christians lived secretly hidden. There they met Cyril, an old priest, very benign and cheerful in his treatment. Cyril had something similar to Dean Overberg. He was very friendly with everyone: he joked; However, he was full of dignity and, when the opportunity arose, he knew how to win many people to the faith. The sculptors often played with him and to surprise him they decided to carve him a small image of the Mother of God.
They knew something about the story of the Mother of God and so they made a beautiful sculpture of a lady covered in a long cloak, with a veil, and on whose face was painted the affliction of someone looking for a beloved object. This image was indescribably beautiful and expressive. They loaded her into a cart and Nicostrato and Sinforiano transported her with the help of a donkey to where Cyril was.
“Behold,” they said to him, “we bring you the Mother of your God who seeks her Son.” They laughed at the joke and presented him with the statue. Cirilo was very happy when he saw the artistic image: he thanked them for the gift and said something to them as if he were going to pray for them so that the Mother of God would also look for them, and find them, and that it had become true, the act as a joke . He said these serious words smiling, with complete kindness, and they received them in the same way, as if he were joking. During their return, they felt a strange shock in their spirits; but they dared not speak to each other. I saw later that they were trying to make a statue of Venus; but I do not know in what wonderful way it happened that, instead of the projected statue of Venus, they made the image of a very devout and modest Christian virgin martyr. I saw that four of them were then instructed and baptized by Cyril. After that, they no longer wanted to make images of pagan gods: only statues that were not deities. They became fervent Christians and pointed out the marbles they were going to work with the sign of the cross: their work was very beautiful. I saw that they were

making a statue of a young holy martyr, tied to a pillar and pierced by arrows. I saw another of a virgin, kneeling before a column trunk, pierced through the neck with a sword. I saw a stone, similar to a sarcophagus, on which was carved a holy martyr lying on a piece of marble. I saw a fifth sculptor, called Simplício, who looked like the boss and who was still a pagan. Who said to them: "I conjure you by the sun to tell me why your works look so good and artistic". They then spoke to him about Jesus and told him that they pointed out to the marbles with a cross what they had seen and upon hearing this, he himself ordered him to be instructed and baptized. Emperor Dioclesian highly appreciated them for their art, and when he learned that they had become Christians, he ordered them to make an idol, which was a statue of Æsculapius. As they did not want to do so, they were arrested, put on trial and martyred. A pious man placed the sacred bodies in a lead box and after a few days, in a wonderful way, they emerged, were removed and buried with their respective names. Today his feast day is celebrated (November 8, 1821).

Saint Theoctist

Ana Catalina, after recognizing a relic belonging to Saint Theoctist, narrated the following:

I saw the life of this holy virgin, of whom I had no knowledge, during my trip to the Holy Land. It was from a town on the island of Lesbos, in front of which, on a hill, stood a chapel dedicated to the Mother of God; but the Virgin was seen without the Child in her arms. It was crafted by a holy sculptor from Jerusalem, whose hands and feet were cut off during the persecution. The image was similar to the one painted by Saint Luke. Some pious women lived in cells around this chapel. They observed a rule modeled in imitation of the Holy Virgin, like others who lived near Ephesus. On that hill there was a Way of the Cross similar to that of the Virgin, near Ephesus. These pious women were in charge of educating girls. According to your rules. They had to study the students' natural inclinations and then instruct them in a way of life from which they should no longer be separated.

Teoctista was among these students and always wanted to stay with them. When his parents died and the chapel and convent were destroyed by war, Teoctista retired to a convent located on another island. The nuns had their cells in the hollows of the mountains and lived according to the rules of a holy woman, who had recognized in vision the chains of Saint Peter. I forgot her name.

Teoctista remained in that convent until he was twenty-five. While traveling by sea to visit a sister who lived on another island, the ship was surprised by Arab pirates from the island of Crete, and the travelers were reduced to slavery. The pirates arrived on the island of Paros, where there were marble mines, and while there they discussed the ransom price for the prisoners, Teoctista managed to escape. She hid in one of the marble caves and lived there for fifteen years, like a hermit, without any human help, until she was found by a hunter. She told him her story and asked him to bring her the Blessed Sacrament in a small box or pyx when she returned to the place. This was then granted to the laity, because Christians were very dispersed and did not have enough priests. I saw him after a year bring her the Blessed Sacrament. She received it as viaticum, as she passed away on the same day.

The hunter buried her, but not before cutting off her hand, which she took with her as a relic along with some fragments of her clothing. Due to the relic he carried with him, he was able to undertake his sailing journey, which was very

dangerous due to the numerous pirates that roamed those seas. When he showed that hand to the local bishop, it was lamented that he had not brought the holy body with him.

Santa Cecilia (*)

(November 22, 1819) I saw the saint sitting in a square and simple-looking room. She had on her knees a small triangular box with a flat surface, a few centimeters high, on which were stretched harmonic strings that she played with both hands. His gaze was turned towards the sky and above him could be seen sparkles and certain forms of angels or blessed children. It seemed to me that she was aware of such apparitions. I saw a young man of extraordinary beauty and sweetness approach her: he seemed older; but he seemed humble and submissive when Cecília told him something. I think it was Valeriano, because later I saw him with another tied to a stick, whipped with sticks and decapitated. This did not happen on that round sandy track intended for the martyrs, but in a lonely place.

I saw the martyrdom of Saint Cecilia in a round courtyard, close to her house. His house was square and covered by a flat roof, where you could walk as if you were on a roof. In the four corners there were four wall globes and in the middle there was a statue. In the lower courtyard there was a fire lit in a cauldron, in which I saw Cecília, with open arms and luminous in her white robe, adorned with precious stones. A resplendent angel, with a beautiful reddish nimbus, held his hand and another had a bouquet of flowers suspended over his head. Darkly it seemed to me that I saw that they led there, through the door that led to the courtyard, and tied up, an animal with horns, like a wild bull, although it was not like these animals that are among us. Removed from that cauldron, Cecília was pierced three times in the neck with a short, broad sword. I didn't see the moment she was injured, but I saw the sword. Later I saw her, hurt, continuing to live and talk to an old priest, whom I had seen before in her house. Later I saw that room very transformed, converted into a church. I saw many relics of her and her sacred body, from which several small parts had been removed. In that church I saw divine services being celebrated. This is the little I remember of the many images I saw of Saint Cecilia's life.

(November 22, 1820) Cecília's paternal house was not in the center of Rome, but on one side. It was like Santa Inês, with courtyards, porticos, columns and a water fountain. I know little about your parents. I saw that Cecília was very pretty in appearance, sweet and agile, with rosy cheeks and fine, delicate lines, like Maria. I've seen her have fun and play with other girls in those backyards.

Almost always she saw an angel at her side, in the form of a gentle child, who spoke to her, and whom she saw, although others did not. The angel had forbidden her to talk about her appearances with the other girls. Many times I saw other children approaching her: then the angel would move away. Cecília was seven years old. I saw her alone in her room and the angel near her, teaching her to play a certain instrument; He taught him how to place his fingers on the strings and often held a blade in front of him. Sometimes she carried a box full of ropes on her knees: the angel was in front of her, in the air, holding a sign that she looked at. Sometimes I saw her with an instrument like a violin, which she held between her chin and neck; With his right hand he played the strings and with his mouth he blew that instrument, through an opening covered by a very subtle skin. This instrument produced a very sweet sound. A young man named Valeriano was often with her, and also his older brothers and another man covered in a long

white cloak, who seemed to be the preceptor. The boy Valeriano participated in her games and seemed to me created with her and also destined for her.
Cecília's nurse was a Christian and through her she met Pope Urban. I often saw Cecília and her companions fill the long folds of their dresses with all kinds of food and fruit, which they then carried like bags at their sides and hid by covering them with their cloaks. Thus loaded, but covered in art, I saw them leaving one after the other through a certain door. I always saw Cecília's angel go with her, which was very funny. I've seen these girls go across the open field towards a building with towers and thick walls. Many poor people lived within the walls, and in certain caves and underground rooms lived many Christians. I couldn't tell if they were hiding there or trapped. It seemed that those who lived between the walls of the entrance were placed there by the Christians, to watch over those who lived in the hiding places of the ruins. The girls distributed what they brought among the poor: it seemed to me that they did it in secret, so as not to be discovered.
Once Cecilia tied the narrow tunic she wore tightly around her feet with a sash and slid down along a wall and into the underground; Once again she entered, through a round opening, into a kind of cantina where there was a man who led her to where São Urbano was. He instructed her, making her read certain labels. She carried some of these posters hidden with her to read at home. I vaguely remember that she was baptized in that basement.
I once saw young Valeriano with his tutor alongside those young women who were having fun, and I saw that Valeriano, in one of those games, wanted to take Cecília by the arms and she rejected him. Valeriano stood before his preceptor and told his parents what had happened, who punished Cecília by forbidding her to leave the room. There I saw her with her guardian angel who taught her to play several instruments and sing. Valeriano managed to penetrate where she was and sometimes stayed there for a long time: but Cecília soon began to play and sing. Once, Valeriano tried to embrace her by force: but the angel covered her with a garment as resplendent and sincere as snow.
Later I saw Valeriano completely conquered by Cecília. Sometimes I saw him in Cecília's room, while she went to where Urbano was. The parents believed that the two had fun together.
I saw a picture about their wedding. The parents of the two young men and many men, women, young men and maidens were in a room with beautiful statues.
Cecília and Valeriano were adorned with crowns and wore clothes typical of the solemnity. There was a rather low table, full of delicious delicacies. The parents took the young spouses and they both drank thick red wine in a glass. A few words were said, something was read from the volumes and a writing was made of the act. Spectators ate whatever was standing on the table. I always saw the angel between Cecília and Valeriano. Then they all went to the back of the house, in a solemn procession, where a round building supported by columns appeared, in the middle of a free space. In the center there were two figures, on a pedestal, embraced in a tight embrace. In this procession they carried a long line of flowers hanging from white screens held by several girls. When they arrived in front of the statue located in the temple, I saw that the image of a child was descending from above, which seemed inflated and full of wind and that by means of an artifice it remained in the air; then he went down and fell little by little, so that first he approached Valeriano's mouth to kiss him and then he approached Cecília's lips. I saw that the angel placed his hand in front of Cecília's lips when that figure was close to her. Then the two spouses were completely wrapped with the flower

chain that the girls wore, so that the ends narrowed around the bride and groom until they were imprisoned. I saw that the angel had placed himself between Valeriano and Cecília, and he could not approach her, because he withdrew and did not allow the chain to unite at the ends. It seemed to me that she was telling him something about things he couldn't see, that she had another friend who defended her, and that he shouldn't touch her. Then Valeriano became very serious and asked if she loved anyone else present. She replied that if he persisted in touching her, the friend who accompanied her would cover him with leprosy and punish him. He replied that if she loved another, he would try to kill them both. They told all this in low voices, and those present believed that they treated each other that way out of modesty. Cecília told him that she would explain everything later. Later I saw them alone in a room. Cecília told him that she had an angel with her and, when Valeriano wanted to see him, she told him that it couldn't be if he didn't get baptized. When he sent him to Urbano, they were already living as spouses in another house.
(*) The Kirchenlexicon says: The historical character of Saint Cecilia's martyrdom was fully confirmed by Rossi's discoveries. Saint Anthony writes the story of the Saint according to the visionary. When Cardinal Sfrondati ordered the Saint's tomb to be opened, he found her body intact, tilted to the right side, as she had fallen when she died.

Santa Ines

I saw a graceful and delicate virgin dragged by the soldiers. She was covered in a long dark woolen dress and a veil over her head, with intertwined hair. The soldiers took her away, holding her by her skirts, so that some parts of her dress were torn. Many people followed her, including some women. Passing through a high wall and entering a square courtyard, she was taken to a room, where there was nothing inside except a large box with some cushions. They placed the holy virgin inside and, taking her from place to place, they tore off her cloak and veil. She was there like an innocent and patient lamb in the midst of her executioners, and she moved with agility and lightness like a little bird. As they pushed her from side to side, she seemed to fly. They took off her cloak and left her.
Inês then remained in a corner of the room, wrapped in a sleeveless white tunic, open at the sides: she had her head raised and with her hands raised, she prayed calmly. The women who came after her were unable to enter the house.
Some men of bad character waited at the door, as if the saint should be left to her excesses. I saw her neck bleeding from a wound she received perhaps on the way to prison. First, two or three heartless young men entered the place, who pounced on the delicate virgin and carried her from one side to the other and tore the half-open dress that covered her from her body. I saw blood on his neck and chest; but she didn't need to defend herself, because at that moment her hair fell apart and fell on her, covering her. I saw a luminous young man flying over her, who enveloped her as in a dress of light. These wicked people were scared and immediately fled. Then a reckless lover, mocking the cowardice of others, rushed in. He wanted to grab her, but she resisted so much with both hands that she rejected him. He fell to the ground, but got up and threw himself at her with greater fury. Young Inés forcefully rejected him to the threshold and there the young man fell motionless to the ground. She stood firm and continued praying; She was luminous and her face resembled a bright rose. Some characters responded to the fallen man's screams, one of which was the fallen young man's

father. He seemed irritated and spoke of magic: but when he heard the virgin say that if he asked in the name of Jesus, she was ready to beg the life of that unfortunate man, he gave in and begged her to do so. Then Inés called the dead man, who immediately got up and, still hesitant, was taken away.
Other men came against her, but all of them, frightened, had to flee.
After some time I saw some executioners approach again, and they brought her a dark dress open and hanging on one side, and a mean veil, like those given to those destined for martyrdom. She got dressed, tied up her hair and was taken to the prætorium. It was a square space surrounded by walls and buildings, where there were chambers and prisons; At the top one could stand and see the square below. There were some people there.
Many other people were also brought before the judge; They were taken from a prison that seemed not far from the place where Inés had been mistreated. I think these prisoners were an old grandfather with two sons-in-law and small children: they were tied with ropes and knots. When they were presented to the judge, sitting in that square courtyard on a raised marble chair, Inés was also introduced and amiably admonished and exhorted by the judge. The others were then questioned and reprimanded. They were taken there only to be examined and to witness the martyrdom of others. The wives of these men were still pagans.
After being examined one after another by the judge, Inés was presented again, three times. The virgin was led to a place where there was an elevated place with three steps; There was a post where he wanted to tie her; but she did not consent. Around it there was a wooden pyre on which fire was applied. I saw above her a winged apparition that spread over her a large amount of luminous rays that served as a shield and made the flames tilt towards the executioners, who suffered a lot of damage. She was still unharmed. Then other executioners took her out and took her back to the judge. Once again she was taken to a stone trap and they tried to tie her hands: she did not consent: she had them together on her chest. I saw a luminous figure at the top, holding her by the arms. Then an executioner grabbed her by the hair and cut off her head, just like they did to Cecília. The head hung on one side almost completely separated from the torso. Then his clothed body was thrown into the fire and the other prisoners were taken back to prison.
During the trial and execution I saw some relatives and friends crying from afar. It often seemed wonderful to me that in such martyrdoms nothing bad happened to the friends who participated in the act, helping or consoling the martyrs. Agnes' body and clothes did not burn. I saw his soul, separated from his body, flying to the sky, as candid and luminous as a moon.
This execution took place, it seems to me, before noon, and before nightfall the friends removed the body from the fire and buried it with honor. Many attended the funeral, but covered and hidden in cloaks, perhaps so as not to be recognized. It seemed to me that the young man she had raised up was in the place of martyrdom, but had not yet converted.
Later I saw the saint, outside the general picture, as an isolated apparition, close to me, in an extraordinarily luminous and resplendent way, with her palm in her hand. That halo of glory that surrounded his entire person was internally pinkish and ended in blue rays. She comforted me amicably in my intense pain and told me, “Suffering with Jesus and in Jesus is a sweet thing.” I can't express enough how big the difference is between people today and the ancient Romans. There was no mixing between them; They were of one kind or another, and absolutely

simple. On the contrary, among us everything is lukewarm, everything is confused: it seemed as if in our spirit there were a thousand cells or hiding places, from which many more were derived.

Saint Emerenciana

I saw an image related to another virgin. As at night she visited the tomb of Saint Agnes and prayed prostrate before it, wrapped in her veils, and moved so secretly, I remembered Magdalene when she went to the tomb of Christ. I saw her surprised by the persecutors of the Christians, who spied on her and took her to prison. Then I saw a small octagonal church and above it an altar. At the altar, the saints celebrated a birthday celebration with childlike joy, innocence, and graceful elegance. A beautiful virgin and martyr was placed on a throne and adorned with wreaths by other Roman martyrs of both sexes, all from the earliest days of the Church.

I saw that Saint Inês was also present, who was bringing a little lamb with her.

The Pilgrim gave him a relic where it was clearly written: Saint Matthew, but Ana Catalina declared that it belonged to Saint Emerenciana. As soon as she picked up the relic she said: Ah, what a kind girl! And where dœs such a funny creature come from? Behold, a woman also comes with another son. (The next day she narrated): Last night I had a lot to do with two gentle creatures and a servant. First, I saw a child of about four years old pass through the open door in a wall that opened on the inside into a colonnade. Then came a woman of a certain age, with an aquiline nose, who was leaving the house; She had the appearance of a Hebrew woman, covered with a long dress and around her neck a necklace with very small pieces and on her wrists ornaments that looked like mantles. A little girl the old woman was holding by the hand looked to be five and a half years old. He came with her to the colonnade and there the children began to play.

The columns of this meeting point that were in the middle were round, with carved leaf capitals, surrounded by images or bas-reliefs in the shape of snakes, which at the top showed a beautiful human figure looking down.

The corner columns were square and on both inner sides they displayed long fantastic figures, at the top they had carved ox heads and below three round openings placed one above the other and opened precisely at the angle. The back wall was interrupted by pilasters and at one point on this wall there was a balcony that went out to the outside where you could sit comfortably and to which some steps led. In the center was something like an open tabernacle, from which it seemed as if something hidden in the wall might be extracted. All around were seats that formed the back of the colonnade. Underneath and around the seats were hiding places where children kept their games. The servant sat on one of them. Both boys wore knitted tunics and long shirts held up by belts. Many other children from the neighborhood came and began their fun games, especially around that tabernacle that they rotated and where they kept their toys. They consisted of dolls made with great art, decorated with threads that children pulled, moving their limbs. The children jumped the steps that led to the tabernacle and landed on the balcony. They had small cups and utensils, played on the seats and placed the utensils underneath in semicircular cavities. I picked up one of the girls and placed her on my knee, but she wouldn't stay still and squirmed; I was distraught and believed that I was not worthy of holding her. Afterwards, the other children went home and the maid walked through the door with the two children, crossing a courtyard and going up to an upper floor to a room where the mother

of one of them was, who seemed to be reading certain pages. She was a robust-looking woman, dressed in a pleated habit, walking slowly and shuffling her feet, with a stern appearance; I wasn't very familiar with children; I didn't pet them; but she talked to them and gave them food and little colored figures. In that room were folding chairs with single-strap cushions. The cushions were made of dark leather and wool. The ceiling and walls of the room were full of paintings: there was no glass or panes in the windows: they were intertwined with nets where various figures could be seen. In the corners of the chamber were statuettes on pedestals. That lady seemed to care even less about the strange child than about her own. I saw the maid go with the children to a small garden, in the center of the building, like a courtyard. There were rooms around it and in the middle was a fountain. In this garden the children had fun and ate the fruits that were there. I haven't seen the father of this family.
Then I saw another image; I saw these two girls already grown up. They were alone and prayed.
I heard an inner voice telling me that the servant was secretly Christian and was watching the girls' steps. I saw her meeting secretly with other virgins in one of the small houses built to the side of the great palace. At night some people stealthily approached the walls of the palace, inside which those women slept, and, taking something from the hole in the wall, they gave a signal to the inhabitants, who, awakened, got up and left. The maid followed them down a corridor until they found themselves outside and she remained inside. I saw them covered with their cloaks, with others, next to an old wall and entering an underground space where many were already gathered. I saw two spaces of this type: in one there was no altar; there they taught and prayed only; In the other there was an altar where whœver arrived placed an offering. I saw the two girls go secretly to these undergrounds and attend these secret meetings of Christians.
I found myself again in front of the palace where I had seen the girls playing, and I ardently desired to see them again. Then I saw a boy who had participated in their games and I sent him home and sent the maid out with the girls.
She came and carried Inés in her arms; She was still a girl who had been breastfed for a year and a half. He told me, however, that the other girl wasn't there. I told him I would certainly come without delay. She came with me in the shade of a lime tree and the other girl was brought to me by a young woman who came from another smaller house in the neighborhood. The two maids didn't want to stay there long because they had something to do, and I earnestly begged them to leave me with the girls for a while. They consented and went home. I put those girls on my lap and caressed them; but they soon became restless and began to shout. I had nothing to calm them down and, as I found myself in trouble, I hugged them both to my chest and they calmed down. I spread a large cloak that I was wearing over them and felt, to my great astonishment, that they were actually receiving food from my breast. Then the maids came back and I handed the girls over to them, and soon the two mothers appeared.
That of Emerenciana was small in stature, livelier and nobler and more friendly.
She carried the girl home herself, while the other had the maid carry hers.
I then felt with horror that my breast was swollen from breastfeeding those creatures; I felt burning and oppressive and I was filled with restlessness. I decided to go home; But in the middle of the way, two poor children that I knew came to me and, making me suffer, sucked at my breast, and after them came others and others, who did the same; In them there were several insects that I removed from

them, to at the same time feed them and leave them clean and tidy. I found myself relieved of my anguish and thinking that all this had happened to me because I had those relics in my hands, I put them back in the closet.

Santa Ágata (*)

Last night I was in that city where I saw a great revolution (Palermo). I still saw a lot of desolation and devastation in churches and private houses, as well as a large and curious religious festival. In the church there were carpets hanging on the walls and in the center a kind of tent hanging above, as was customary among us, which was called the hunger or fasting tent during the time of Lent. I saw a big bonfire in the square like the one on the feast of Saint John and I saw that the priests were going in procession towards the bonfire, carrying a mat. It was a very solemn party, with a lot of preparations and a lot of pomp. The people there always showed a lot of ardor and zeal for these things; Meanwhile, they didn't stop fighting and fighting. There was much pomp and splendor in the church. During Mass I saw Saint Agatha present with many other saints. I saw that she was martyred in Catania. His parents lived in Palermo; his mother was secretly Christian and his father was a pagan. Her mother taught her from a young age, secretly, in Christianity. She had two servants and since she was little she liked to know Jesus. I often saw her sitting in the garden, with a child, shining with beauty, playing and talking to her beside her. I saw that she had prepared a seat for him on the grass, and, as if she were sitting with him, with her hands clasped on her breast, she listened to him with all attention and reflection. I saw her play with wands and flowers and how that child grew little by little with her. As she grew older, he seemed taller, but only when she was alone. I think she knew, because I've seen her prepare several things in relation to the child's presence. I saw her grow up wonderfully pure and strong, with a determined spirit.

It is impossible to say what these things are like: it is as if you see something becoming more and more splendid and magnificent; as if a fire became a sun, a splendor became a star, and gold became more golden and brighter. I also saw how extraordinarily cooperative she was, how she constantly removed even the smallest impurity and imperfection from herself, and how she punished herself for any carelessness. When at night she prepared to rest, the guardian angel was at her side, often visibly, reminding her of something she had forgotten, and she immediately hastened to carry it out; It consisted of prayers, alms or any other work of charity, purity, humility, obedience, mercy or warding off evil in any form. I often saw her, even as a child, secretly disappear from her mother's side to give alms and food to the poor.

She was so magnanimous and so much a lover of Jesus that I saw her continually struggle: at any desire for temptation or at the slightest fault, she would flagellate herself and hurt herself. In everything she seemed liberal and courageous, with a very sincere spirit. I saw that when she was eight years old she was taken with many other girls in a carriage to Catania. This happened at the will of her father, who wanted to educate her in a more free and pagan way.

There she was given to a very libertine woman, who had five daughters. I cannot say that it was a house of bad life, according to common sentiment, as I saw it at that time; but the matron seemed to me a worldly woman, with very free and seductive manners. I had seen Ágata living there for a long time. That house was very beautiful and everything inside was beautiful, but I couldn't leave her completely at ease. I saw her most of the time with other happy girls, in a space

in front of which there was a lake in which the entire palace was mirrored, closed and guarded on the other side.
That woman and her five daughters did everything imaginable to get Ágata out of her habits of virtue. I have seen her walking with them through the graceful gardens, and showing them all manner of elegant apparel: but Agatha was always the same, and disdained all these vanities. She also saw the Celestial Boy there beside her, who always became more serious and firm in his purposes. She had become a slender young woman, not very tall, but perfect. He had black hair, large black eyes, a perfect nose, an oval face, and a sweet but firm manner, and a wonderful expression on his face, which came from the strength and generosity of his spirit. I saw that the mother was dying of pain due to her daughter's absence. In that woman's house I saw Ágata fight in the most persevering way against the inclinations of her own nature and against all seduction. A certain Quintianus, who later martyred her, often came to the palace. He was a married man, but he couldn't stand his own wife. He inspired repulsion: he was very vulgar in his manners and arrogant. He went around the city spying on everything and irritating and tormenting people. I saw him at that woman's house and I saw that from time to time he glanced sideways at Ágata, with that typical look of someone who sees something that pleases him. No inconvenience was allowed. Furthermore, I saw that with Agatha was the heavenly Husband, visible only to her, and I understood that he was saying: "Our wife is small; she has no breasts, and when she has them, they will be removed. Since there is no one here who can empty them." The heavenly Bridegroom said this looking at Agata. and this meant that there were still few Christians and few priests there.
I also saw that the instruments of her martyrdom were shown to her by her heavenly Husband; I believed even more: that he started to have fun with those instruments in a certain way.
Later, I saw her again in her hometown, when her father was no longer alive. He was thirteen years old. He publicly professed the Christian faith and had very good people around him. I saw her taken from her house by people whom Quintianus had sent from Catania, and as she left the city, she tied her sandals more tightly. Then, turning around, she saw that all her friends had abandoned her and entered the city again. He begged the Lord to leave the memory of this ingratitude and immediately a sterile and fruitless olive tree was born there.
I saw her again with that wicked woman, as well as the appearance of her heavenly Husband, who once said to her, “When the serpent, who had never spoken, spoke, Eve must have known it was the devil.” I also saw how that evil woman tried in every way to seduce Ágata through the force of flattery and pleasure, and I understood that Ágata applied to her the teachings of her heavenly Husband, since that worldly woman wanted to persuade her to give herself to a life relaxed, she said to him: "Your flesh and blood are creatures of God, as was the serpent; but the one speaking now in your flesh is the devil." I saw the intrigues of Quintianus with this woman, and I knew two of his friends very well. Later I saw Ágata being arrested, examined and whipped. Then they cut off her breasts with an instrument that looked like a poppy plant: one executioner held her down and another ripped out her breasts. This instrument was made in such a way that, opening into three parts, as if a human mouth were opening, and then closing, it ripped and carried with it the breasts that were enclosed within it, with a single bite. The executioners had the audacity to place the excised breasts before their eyes and then throw them at their feet as if they were on a table. In

the midst of these martyrdoms, Agatha said to Quintianus: “Are you not horrified to tear from a human creature those breasts that your mother used to feed you?” Otherwise, she seemed strong and calm, and added: “My soul has nobler breasts, which you will never be able to take away. I saw that those breasts were small because Ágata had barely reached puberty and there was no other wound; blood flowed from small pores, as from small fountains. I have often seen this instrument used in martyrdoms: with it they removed entire pieces of flesh from the martyrs' bodies. the help they received from Jesus was admirable. I often found myself at the side of the martyrs and giving them help: they did not faint in cases where any other creature would faint.

Later I saw Ágata in prison, where an old saint appeared to her and told her that he wanted to heal her and restore her breasts. She replied that she had never used human medicine, that she had Jesus, who could heal her if he wanted. The other said, “I’m an elderly Christian, you don’t need to be ashamed of me.” But she replied: “My wounds have nothing that can offend purity; Jesus will heal me if he wants: he created the world and he can also create my breasts.” Then that old man smiled and said, “I am your servant Peter; look: your breasts are already healed." And he disappeared. Later I saw how an angel tied a band to the top of his prison on which some words were written, but I no longer know what their meaning was. Ágata received both breasts perfectly healthy, as she had before. This was not a simple healing of the epidermis, but they were new and perfect breasts. Around them I saw a halo of light and the inner circle of that halo was filled with radiant rays of light color. rainbow tones.

Then I saw Ágata taken to martyrdom again. In a vaulted cellar there were braziers, in which coals were lit: they were as deep as boxes and at the bottom covered with sharp iron. There were many of these boxes, because sometimes there were many martyrs at the same time; They were somewhat separated. Beneath these boxes the flames snaked: so that those who were placed within were burned with the fire at the sharp points. When Ágata was thrown into one of those openings, a very large earthquake was felt; A wall collapsed and crushed two of Quinciano's friends. Popular unrest arose and Quintiano fled. The martyr was taken from there again and taken to prison, where she died. Later I saw that Quintianus died miserably, drowned in a river, while traveling to appropriate the property of Saint Agatha. Then I saw that a volcano was spewing fire and lava and that people, to save themselves from that burning liquid, took refuge next to Ágata's tomb. They placed the lid of the saint's tomb against the lava and it stopped and the volcano went out.

(*) The renowned Ecclesiastical Dictionary (Kirchenlexikon) says: “The records collected by the Bollandists about the martyrdom of Saint Agatha, except for some additions, are very old and worthy of all credit. Saint Anthony (VI-6-5) brings the same words. There is only one explainable difference: Aphrodisia appears with seven daughters, perhaps including the servants' wives.

Saint Agatha is the patron saint of Sicily. Her veil is venerated in Catania as a precious relic, protective against the eruptions of Etna.

Saint Dorothy

I recognized once again the relics of this saint and saw a considerable city located in a mountainous region (Cæsarea in Cappadocia). There I saw, inside the garden of a Roman-style house, three girls between five and eight years old playing. They held hands, danced in a circle, stopped and sang while picking flowers from the garden.

After playing like this, I saw the two older girls separate from the younger one, carrying the flowers they had picked in their hands. It seemed to me that the youngest was very distressed when she saw the two of them moving away to the other side of the garden. I felt a great sadness that I shared with her. His face turned pale and at the same time his clothes turned white as snow. The girl fell to the ground as if she had fainted. Meanwhile I heard a voice saying: “This is Dorotea”. Then a bright young man appeared approaching her, holding a bouquet of flowers in his hands. The young man picked up the girl and took her to another corner of the garden, placed the bouquet next to her and disappeared.
The girl became happy again and ran towards the other two, showed them her flowers and told them who had given them to her. They were very surprised, hugged the girl and seemed sorry for having offended her by leaving her alone. The union between them was reestablished. Faced with this vision, the desire to have such flowers to restore me also came to me, when suddenly Dorotea appeared to me, like a virgin, exhorted me to communion and said to me: "Why do you have such a desire for those flowers when "You receive the flower of all flowers so often?" She explained to me the symbolic image of the three girls, which referred to the fall and conversion of the two oldest. Then I saw an image of their martyrdom. She was with the two oldest in prison and a disagreement arose between them. The other two did not want to die for Jesus and were released. I saw Dorotea before the judge, who led her before the two already fallen, hoping that Dorotea would follow the example of her sisters and their exhortations. , on the other hand, managed to bring them back to the faith. She was then tied with her limbs spread out on a pillar, destroyed with nails, burned with axes and finally decapitated. After that, I saw a young man, who had mocked her on the way to the. martyrdom and to whom she had responded briefly, suddenly convert and become a Christian. He saw a luminous young man carrying roses and flowers, come into himself, confess his Christian faith and suffer martyrdom: he was beheaded.
Along with Dorotea, many Christians were martyred, burned and dismembered by animals, to which they were tied.
(*) What was said about this Saint is in accordance with history. The holy Bishop Aldhem narrates the same thing (709) in his book In Praise of Virginity. Devotion to this saint is widespread in the East.

Santa Apolonia (*)

I took her relic with me and saw the city where she was martyred (Alexandria). It is situated on a promontory, not far from the many mouths through which the Nile flowed into the sea. It was a large and beautiful city, where Apollonia's house, surrounded by courtyards and gardens, stood on a high square. At the time of her martyrdom she was already a widow, advanced in age, but of beautiful appearance. His parents were pagans; But she was already a Christian since childhood, due to a servant of hers who was secretly Christian. When she grew up, she was given in marriage by her parents to a pagan husband and lived with him in her parents' house. She suffered a lot and married life was a severe test for her. I saw her lying on the floor, crying, praying and covering her head with ashes. Her husband was quite thin and pale and died long before her. Later, she lived thirty years as a widow, without children. He showed much mercy to the poor, who were secretly Christians and was the comfort and hope of all those in need. Her mistress had suffered martyrdom long before her. This occurred on the occasion of

a riot, during which the homes of Christians were looted and burned, and many were killed.
Later I saw how Apollonia, by order of the judge, was taken from her home, taken to the prætorium and placed in prison. Later, I saw her before the judge, horribly mistreated because of her eloquent words about Christianity. It was a moving sight to see, while I was able to witness other martyrdoms quite peacefully. Perhaps it was his age and his noble presence that moved me so much. They whipped her with sticks, hit her face and head with stones. His nose was crushed and deformed; blood ran in torrents from his head; his cheeks and chin were torn apart and his teeth were knocked out of his mouth. He wore that white tunic open at the sides, which I have often seen worn by Christians; Underneath he wore a red woolen tunic. She was sitting on a rock without support and her hands were tied behind her back to that rock and her feet were tied. Her veil was torn and removed and her long hair was loose over her shoulders. His face was altered, deformed by the blows and covered in blood. One executioner held her from behind, twisting her head, while another forced her already dissolved mouth open with a kind of lead trap. Then the executioner destroyed his teeth one by one with pliers and with his teeth tore pieces of his cheeks. During her martyrdom I saw Apollonia suffer until she fainted, while the angels and other martyred souls, and also the appearance of Jesus, strengthened and consoled her. Through her prayers and suffering, she obtained the grace to be a helper for all those suffering from dental and facial pain.
As, on the other hand, she did not stop praising Jesus Christ, despising the offerings to the pagan gods, the judge ordered that she be taken to the stake and that, if she did not change her feelings, she would be cast into it. She could no longer walk alone, as she was half dead. Two executioners dragged her, holding her under their arms, and took her to a high, level place, where a large fire was burning in a pit. When he was in front it looked like he was asking for something with prayer. He could no longer hold his head up. The pagans believed that she wanted to renounce Christ or that she was at least wavering in her convictions and abandoned her for a moment. She fell to the ground and looked like she was going to die. Instead he prayed; He suddenly got up and lay down in the middle of the flames.
I saw, during his martyrdom, many poor people lament, wringing their hands and screaming, for having lost the One who gave them charity for so long. Alone, she could not have jumped into the flames. From God came his strength and motivation. I saw that it was not consumed in the fire, but only burned. The pagans left that place when they saw her dead, and the Christians approached and secretly took the body and buried it underground.
(*) In the Roman Martyrology and in the Legenda Aurea she appears as a virgin (ch. 66),
although already very old. The medium sees her as a widow and explains that she had been one for a long time: that is why she was generally considered single. The torment of pulling out teeth is described in detail by the medium. In a woodcut from 1450, the saint has tweezers in her hands, and in another from 1488, she appears tied to a column while the executioner violently pulls out her teeth.

Santa Eulalia

Among the relics presented to Ana Catalina, there were two teeth that would have belonged to Saint Eulália. When she looked at them, she said: only one of these

teeth belongs to Saint Eulalia, virgin and martyr of Barcelona. The other tooth is from a priest who received ordination in old age. I saw him travel a lot from place to place, protecting widows and orphans. Saint Eulália's tooth was pulled out about a year before her martyrdom. I saw the episode as it happened. Because of an intense toothache she suffered, Eulália had this tooth extracted at the house of a young friend; because her mother, out of sensitivity, didn't want her to do it in her own house. The old man who extracted that tooth was a Christian. She was sitting on a seat on the floor, facing away from the dentist. She lifted her head back and the man quickly extracted the tooth with an instrument that had a small cavity in the front, enough to contain a tooth, attached to a rod and a somewhat curved handle. After removing it, he showed the tooth to the two young women, who smiled. Eulália's friend begged her to give her the extracted tooth and she consented. Eulália was loved and appreciated by all her friends.

After his martyrdom, that tooth acquired a much greater value and became a sacred object for its owner. After his death, I saw him in the possession of two different women and later, in much later times, suspended before the image of Apollonia, enclosed in a silver box that had the shape of a small censer. In this image, Saint Apollonia was not painted as an old person, but as a young person, with tweezers in her hand and a pointed cap on her head. I saw later, when the silver objects from that church were stolen, that that tooth passed into the possession of a nun, far from Eulalia's country. A fragment of the tooth root was removed and this was also preserved as a relic; I no longer remember the location of the incident. I saw the tooth shine, but not with the shine typical of martyrs' bones. I saw it shine through the burning desire that Eulalia had since then to suffer and die for Christ and for her innocence and for what she had already suffered patiently for the love of Jesus.

I did not see those bones and body parts that the saints lost before martyrdom shining with the colors of glory, like limbs that duly suffered martyrdom. The shine of this tooth lacked the shine typical of the martyrdom of the rest of the body. Eulália's parents were very attentive people, who lived in a large palace, around which there were olive trees and many other trees loaded with yellow fruits. The parents were Christians; but they were not very zealous, nor was there anything remarkable in Christianity that could be seen in them. Eulália got along well with an elderly and fervent Christian. This old woman lived in a building attached to the palace and worked on large embroideries. I saw Eulália together with the old woman sewing and preparing church decorations. They sewed with large round needles and attached relief figures to cloth. They did this secretly, at night. They had a flashlight nearby and in front of the flame there was something transparent, like glass, through which you could see very clearly. I saw Eulália pray alone in front of a simple cross in her room. She made that cross herself out of evergreen wood.

He had such a burning desire to confess Jesus publicly that the crown of martyrdom was often shown to him in vision. I saw her walk with other virgins and express to them that desire, which she dared not express in her father's house.

(*) The Ecclesiastical Dictionary says: “In Spain, two martyrs are celebrated with this name: Eulália of Barcelona and Eulália of Mérida”.

The holy martyrs Pascual and Cyprian

When I took my church (the box of his relics) into my hands, to order and venerate them, I recognized a fragment of the arm bone of the holy martyr Pascual. I saw

that from childhood he was crippled, although otherwise he was well formed. His father had lost his life in a persecution of Christians and later I saw him with his sister and a much older brother, whose son was a priest called Cipriano. I saw the latter celebrate mass underground. They lived among ruined buildings and sometimes in underground caves.
Cipriano showed great affection for the crippled Pascual, who was unable to use any of his limbs. He was sixteen years old when he asked to be taken to a martyr's tomb. There were around twenty people present, including Cipriano; and they took Pascual in a kind of trawler to a place of martyrs. He was so crippled that his knees almost touched his chin. They arrived with great discretion at the place close to the prisons where a holy martyr, whose name I no longer remember, was martyred and buried. They stopped and prayed; Pascual was present in a litter that could be raised or lowered at will.
I saw that he and the others were praying with great devotion and that he suddenly stood up and threw away his crutches. There he had the firmest confidence that God would give him health. I saw that everyone, full of joy, gave thanks to God and hugged the newly healed man, who returned home with them content and happy.
I saw a series of images of his charity and piety, and how he helped his brother's son, that is, Cyprian, to care for the sick and the poor. He carried people who could not walk on his shoulders and neck. At this time, the eldest brother died and was buried secretly. Immediately there was great persecution of Christians; It seemed to me that under Nero. Numerous Christians, men, women and children, were violently gathered in a large city square. They were judged and martyred in different ways. I saw that certain trees that formed a forest were bent with force; The Christians were tied by the arms on one side of the tree and by the legs on the other: then they released the crooked branches, and the poor Christians were thus destroyed and quartered. I saw virgins suspended by their legs, in such a way that their heads almost touched the ground. His hands were tied behind his back; and I saw that certain ferocious beasts, similar to tabby cats, tore and devoured the flesh that still pulsed with life. I saw that during this persecution Pascual's sister and other people fled far from there, while Pascual and Cipriano visited the places of martyrdom to console their friends. At first they were merely rejected there; but later, recognized as Christians, they were judged and martyred with the others. On this occasion I saw many flat, thick and solid stones, between which the Christians were placed, crushed and pressed, while their legs and arms hung out. They often placed two victims, one on top of the other, their faces against the other's, and thus they were pressed with such heavy stones. Pascual and Cipriano were thus crushed.
Next I saw an image from a later time. I saw freer Christians; They could search for the tombs of the martyrs and venerate them.
I saw that some parents were taking their one-year-old son, who was completely crippled, to a field where many martyrs were buried, with monuments and small chapels over some of the graves. At the end of the cemetery, which they call Calixto, they stopped in a place where there was only grass, because the boy said that two saints were buried there who would help him. In fact, I saw him stand up, perfectly healthy. I think he also pronounced the names of these saints. Then I saw father, mother and son on their knees giving thanks to God, running through the city and announcing everywhere the wonder that had been accomplished. I

saw many men come with that child: among them were ecclesiastics. They dug the ground and there they found two bodies together.
The arms were firmly clasped together and the bodies were incorrupt, white and as if stuffed. The pit was square and where the arms were together, the small wall that separated them seemed interrupted. They have not yet been dug up: but I saw that a solemn ceremony had taken place, that the tombs had been ordered and an inscription placed. It was then closed and a roof was made over the tomb supported by four or six columns, and flowers were planted. I saw that the grass was growing a lot: among the plants there was one with very thick leaves, a bush similar to the one we call immortelle. Under this roof a chapel was built and an altar erected.
An opening was made in the table that could be opened or closed at will. On the raised stone there was an inscription. I saw that Holy Mass was solemnly celebrated there and communion was given. Those who received Holy Communion had a container or cup and a very transparent cloth under their chin. These sacred bodies were buried there. Later, the small building was destroyed. Then I saw a photo where they showed me how, after a long time, many tombs were opened there and the sacred bones found were taken away. I saw that the bodies of Pascual and Cipriano had also been extracted; They were already skeletons, but arranged in perfect order. I saw them placed in two square boxes, which became the property of the Jesuits of Antwerp. On that occasion I attended solemn celebrations with processions. The boxes were decorated and stored in beautiful cabinets.

Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicidade

(February 27, 1820) When last night I lamented before the Lord over my distressing situation, I was justly rebuked for having done so while such great treasures of relics surrounded me, to see that so many others had undertaken long journeys, and while I had the grace of living in the company of so many saints and of seeing all their actions and sufferings. I then felt the injustice of my lamentations and saw a great crowd of saints whose relics I carry with me. I saw many things about the life of Saint Perpetua, and since I was a child I had visions that symbolized her martyrdom.
This reminded me of a dream from my childhood, in which I saw that I had nothing to eat but water and black bread. I thought I should beg. I then thought that that black bread that Santa Valburga received as a gift referred to this dream of mine. I saw the torments of Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicidade, and of others who, with them and after them, were martyred. I saw them torn apart by fierce beasts or stabbed.
Saying these words, Ana Catalina took one of those relics in her hands, pressed it to her heart and kissed it, saying: Here is Perpétua, who is at my side.
Then he took a fragment of bone and said: This is a very precious thing. It is the bone of a boy who bravely suffered martyrdom along with his father, mother and two sisters. He was in prison at the same time as Perpetua. I was burned alive. His bone shines very brightly: it is a very wonderful shine, with a nimbus of the most pleasant blue color with rays of golden light and the person and appearance of this martyr boy are surrounded by this same light. This light recreates it in such a way that I cannot express it. At first I believed that Perpetua and Felicity had been martyred in Rome, because I had seen that they were killed in a building similar to those I see in Rome; but now I know that the place of his martyrdom was very far

from Rome. The boy burned to death in a fire. There were small elevations in that place surrounded by a wall. On the elevations there were some posts, where the martyrs were kept. The executioners organized the fire circularly around these elevations.
(March 2, 1820) I saw many images relating to the arrest and martyrdom of Saint Perpetua. On the occasion of your party, I hope to see everything more clearly. I saw the saints locked up in a round, underground prison. They were separated from each other by iron bars, so they could talk and shake hands. Everything was dark and gloomy in the prison.
However, I saw the light shine around the martyrs. An old building stood above the prison itself. Each one was alone in that type of cage. The entrance door resembled that of a canteen, slightly elevated above the level. There were four barred openings in the roof. In addition to Perpétua and Felicidade, I saw four men inside.
Perpétua had her son, whom she breastfed. Happiness was in immediate prison and was pregnant. Perpétua was tall and strongly built. Happiness was much smaller and more delicate. Perpétua spoke to everyone indifferently, briefly and concisely; It seemed like he was directing everything in that prison. Further on there were other prisoners. That magnanimous martyr boy was with his father, in one part, and his mother with her two daughters, in the other, separated by a wall; but I saw them through the wall. I also saw that the prisoners' friends entertained themselves with them. In front of Perpétua's gate there was a very distressed old man, who was tearing his hair and lamenting loudly. He was not a Christian; I think he was Perpetua's father. The head of the guard was a good officer who brought bread and other food to Perpétua that she shared among the other prisoners. Perpétua had hidden a volume or label with her.
Everyone wore prisoners' clothes, long, somewhat narrow: the women wore coarse white wool; darker colored men. The men's prison was closer to the door. The women's prison, in the center, arranged in a circle. I saw a child who died in the same prison. His relatives obtained the body and buried it. One afternoon, Perpétua talked to a man; and during the night I saw a wonderful image next to Perpetua, who was sleeping on the floor, leaning on her arm. The whole space was illuminated, and in the glowing light I saw all the prisoners and their various aspects; some slept and others prayed. In this splendor there was a wonderful staircase that reached to heaven; At the foot of it were two dragons, one on the right and one on the left, with their heads facing outward. This staircase reached the sky and ended in a garden. The scale looked like it was made on two very thin stands for that height, so I was surprised to see that it held up. From both supports, to the right and left, there were many steps with sharp points, hooks and other instruments, perhaps used for martyrdom. They were arranged in such a way that if a small step appeared on the left, a series of hooks or points would correspond on the right and vice versa. It seemed impossible that anyone could attempt to climb there.
However, I saw a figure climbing and, when it was quite high, it turned to the other side, as if it wanted to help the others climb. Then I saw the image of Perpetua, who slept there, crushing the head of one of the dragons. Then I saw her go up with other people. When they reached the top, I saw them in a very beautiful garden, where they were comforted by countless figures. Then I saw Perpétua sleeping, and next to her the image of a little brother, already dead (*). I saw beside her a long, dark space and a child who seemed to be in a miserable state

and with burning thirst, near a large fountain of water; but with the edge so high that the child could not reach it. When Perpétua had the vision of the stairs, I saw, in the light that illuminated the prison, that Felicidade had not yet given birth. Everyone fell prostrate with their faces to the ground and prayed. Then I saw a small child in Felicidade's arms. I saw that a woman, crying with great embarrassment, took that child from her, and that she happily gave it to her. Later I saw how the martyrs were led to martyrdom. They left the prison one by one, in front of two rows of soldiers who brutally mistreated them. The place of martyrdom was many interconnected spaces. It was not like the amphitheater of the martyrs in Rome. Twice on the way I saw some people showing their son to Perpétua. They first approached a door where the entire group of prisoners had to stop. There there was a dispute with the prisoners about something which they, through Perpetua, refused to do. Those good people who had their little son found themselves again, reaching a crossroads. Everyone in prison came out to watch the martyrdom. On this occasion only Perpétua, Felicidade and three men suffered. It is not possible for me to express the magnanimity shown by these martyrs. The two women seemed beatified in heavenly splendor and the men exhorted the crowd. They walked slowly between two rows of executioners, who cruelly whipped them. Then I saw two men bring before them a fierce beast, like a huge tabby cat, which threw itself at them, without causing them much harm. Then a bear dragged them back and forth. I have seen a wild boar thrown at a martyr; but the boar turned against the one who stabbed him and they had to carry the bleeding executioner.

(March 3, 1820) Perpétua and Felicidade came to me and gave me a drink. I saw a painting related to your youth. I saw them playing in the company of ten other girls in a round garden, surrounded by a wall. Inside were trees as tall as a man, with thin trunks, whose branches at the top were intertwined with each other. In the middle of the garden, there was a small round building with a terrace at the top. There was a white marble statue, with one hand raised and the other lowered, holding an object with both. At the top of the building there was a railing around it. Next to that place of leisure there was a water fountain, guarded by a very high iron fence, with spikes, so that children could not climb it; but they could, by means of an ingenious device, make the water run into a stone cup excavated outside the fence, and they liked to amuse themselves with the water. The children also played with some movable dolls and small sculpted animals. Many times I saw the two saints, separated from the others, embrace each other with mutual affection.

They have always loved each other since they were children and promised never to separate; Many times in their games they joked that they were Christians and that they would suffer martyrdom, without giving in until death. Saint Monica, of whom I have a relic, told me that that city was called Carthage.

(March 6, 1820) Until two o'clock I had fun with Perpétua and Felicidade. I constantly saw photographs from their youth until the moment they were arrested. They did not live in the same place where they were arrested and martyred, but rather half an hour's walk away, in a city that was not as well built nor had buildings connected together. This place was connected to the city by a road which, passing between two rather low walls, led to the city through many arched gates. Perpétua's parents' house was in an open square, it was somewhat low, and her parents seemed to me to be different people. In the house there was a large courtyard, surrounded by walls, with an internal portico of columns,

although not entirely similar to Agnes's house in Rome.
Statues were also seen at the entrance. In front of the palace stretched the square, and behind it the round garden, somewhat separate, which I have seen lately.
I recognized that her mother, secretly Christian, knew her daughter's inner conviction. There were some young people at home. Only the father was a pagan and remained so. I saw Felicidade's parents, who were younger than Perpétua, in terrible conditions.
They lived in a shabby hut against the walls of the city itself. The mother was a vivacious lady, quite corpulent, with a somewhat dark face. The father was already old when Felicidade was martyred. I saw these couples carrying fruit in baskets, perhaps to the market. I saw Perpétua go with them. As a child, she was very close to Felicidade and her brothers and other young people treated each other with great familiarity and innocence. I saw them together in the garden. From childhood I saw Perpétua promote the Christian faith with great enthusiasm and courage. That's why he was always in great danger, from which he managed to escape.
Felicidade's parents were secretly Christians. She was very slender and delicate, more beautiful than Perpetua, who had less delicate and more decided features and in all her ways more ardent than Happiness. Both had somewhat dark skin, like people from those regions, and black hair. I saw Perpétua go with Happiness many times since she was little: and once also her future husbands: they were very pious and of sweet character and were secretly Christians. Perpetua knew by vision that if she married, she would reach the palm of martyrdom sooner. He had seen much of his martyrdom and also of his father's ill will and annoyance. Perpétua was the one who induced Felicity to marry; She had been married before and helped her friend in her poverty and need. Perpétua's husband seemed to me to be far below his condition. It seemed like he had taken it based on his virtue alone. When she left her parents' house, she was frowned upon by her other friends and I saw her walking alone with him and as if abandoned by the others. Felicidade's husband was very poor, but a good Christian. They went during the night to a hidden and remote place that looked like a vast low cantina, supported by arches and columns, outside the walls and in the middle of ruined buildings. They lived hidden inside; They closed all the openings and lit themselves with torches. There were around thirty people who lived in the neighborhoods there. I did not see the divine office celebrated there, but only the Christian doctrine taught.
(March 7) I saw two holy men approach me from one side of the bed and three saints from the other side. These were Perpétua and Felicidade and Perpétua's husband's mother, an elderly woman.
Men were the husbands of these saints. Perpétua and Felicidade placed me in another isolated bed, which had blue curtains with red strings. Perpétua's mother-in-law brought a round table that was in the air, next to my bed, and there she prepared it with all kinds of wonderful food. It seems she did this in Perpetua's name. The two saints moved away from me to a more spacious place, and I thought that this might mean some pain for me and sadness came over me; But even when I saw that the mother-in-law was also leaving and the two martyrs disappeared. Then I realized that blood was running from my feet and hands. Suddenly I saw that many people were surrounding me, and in a surprised tone they said: "Ah, she eats!" Very soon all the commotion ceased and the saints

appeared again, and Perpetua's mother-in-law told me that I should have suffered serious persecutions and annoyances because of these effusions of blood, but that through the intercession of those saints these had been removed or at least mitigated. . He also told me that those three children that I dressed for their first communion could take away from me, with their prayers, a lot of suffering and that instead of suffering a new persecution, this painful illness came. above me and as a reward for all this was the food that was seen on the table: fruits, very thin bread placed on gold plates with blue inscriptions, and also flowers. The holy woman, who was next to me speaking to me, had a purely white glow around her, disappearing into a gray color. She had not been imprisoned or martyred with her, but now she was with her, because, as had happened to many others, during the persecution, she had died in those hiding places from the pain and suffering that came with deprivation. God told him all this as a martyrdom. Perpétua and Felicidade could have escaped martyrdom; but Perpetua ardently desired it, and when persecution was declared, she showed herself openly Christian. He told me that Perpétua had married because of a vision and to leave her father's house. I saw this man: he was not tall, but strong, although he was already old and rarely stayed at home. When he was there, he lived on the second floor with his wife.

He could see everything she did, as the room in which she lived was separated only by an interlocking wooden partition, on top of which was an opening usually closed with a lock.

He had little to do with her and seemed to treat her with suspicion because she was a Christian. Most of the time I saw the woman in that room: it seemed like she didn't move easily because she was big and so most of the time she was sitting or reclining in a comfortable armchair. I saw that she was working with the help of some sticks on common knitting work. The walls of the house were painted in various colors, but not with such refined art as in Rome. When the father was at home he seemed restless, uncertain and silent; When he walked away, the mother seemed happier and more benevolent towards her children. In addition to Perpétua, I saw several young people there. When Perpetua was about seventeen years old, I saw her in a room nursing and curing a sick child, about seven years old. This child had a horrible tumor on his face that disfigured it and on top of that he was not suffering with patience. His parents didn't even visit him and I saw him die in the arms of Perpétua, who then hid him in a cloth and buried him. His father and mother no longer saw him.

Felicidade was a servant in a house where another woman served who was martyred with her. She used to go to her parents' house and sometimes sleep there. Perpetua often carried, in the darkness of the night or at twilight, some objects in a small basket or among her clothes, and these good people took advantage of what she brought to distribute it to the hidden Christians, many of whom died of hunger and starvation. .

I saw it all come and go with my own eyes. Perpétua did not have a very attractive face: her nose was somewhat flat and short; the cheekbones are somewhat prominent and the lips are somewhat raised, as I see in people from these regions. She had long black hair, braided and curled around her head. The dress was in the Roman fashion; but not so simple, as it had decorations on the neck and limbs and the upper part of the body seemed narrower. Perpétua was very determined in her manners and her walk. I saw the husbands of the two holy women in Perpetua's house saying goodbye to them to flee: thus they escaped persecution. When they walked away, I saw Perpétua and Felicidade embrace each other

tenderly, as if they felt freer and more prepared for martyrdom. Perpétua's house was smaller than her parents'. It had a single story and the courtyard was surrounded by a wooden palisade. Early in the morning I saw Perpétua and Felicidade and Felicidade's mother-in-law, at Perpétua's house, surprised by a troop of soldiers, who were arresting two young men who were at the door of the house.
Perpétua and Felicidade happily went to meet the soldiers. The mother-in-law kept the child and no one took care of her. These four Christians, amid beatings and mistreatment, were taken, without going through the common path, between the wall and the arches, but through another open road in the field, towards a remote part of the city and locked in a hut that looked like a fort. It is isolated and not a prison. There I saw some time later a young man who knocked for a long time on the door until the soldiers let him in and took him in front of the prisoners. I also saw Perpetua's father approach: he begged her and cried, he conjured her to renounce her faith and, finally, he hit her in the face. She responded gravely and bore everything patiently. Then I saw how she was taken, crossing a part of the city and several walls, to the underground prison where many other Christians were. There I again saw the vision of the stairs that Perpetua had and how, after receiving heavenly consolation, she climbed the stairs and came down dressed, to help others. As she descended, she tore her clothes, looking to the side, at those sharp points, right at her hips, where she was later attacked by the furious bull, during her martyrdom. I saw Perpétua lying on the floor and making a movement as if she wanted to fix her clothes. This happened at the moment when he was coming down from the mystical staircase, he noticed that his clothes were torn. While in prison, he spoke happily to the soldiers and took on the role of his fellow prisoners, gaining more respect and consideration for himself and others.
I saw her as she was dragged back and forth by the bull and then trampled. As she fell, she still adjusted her disordered dresses and it seemed to me that for a moment she realized her position. As she was carried across cross paths to another courtyard, she asked if she would soon be martyred. It was always like a vision and I barely knew what they were doing with it. In the middle of that small square were several small seats; She was taken to one of them and pierced in the throat. It was a terrible thing to see: Perpetua had not just died; The executioner pierced her in the sides and then in the right side of the throat. The martyr had to guide his hand. On the ground he still moved his hand: he finally died with serious difficulties. The other martyrs were crowded there. The two saints were stripped and their clothes were stolen; They put up some sort of net and took them outside. Because of the beatings and whippings, his entire body was covered in blood and wounds. The sacred remains were secretly stolen and buried by people from Carthage. I saw that many were converted by Perpetua's martyrdom and heroic patience and that the prison was soon full again.
(March 8) During the night I had the relics of Perpetua and Felicidade by my side, but to my great surprise I saw nothing that had to do with them. Although I expected to see something about these saints, I didn't see anything the entire time. From then on I recognized that these visions are serious things and that they are not sustained by one's own will.
(*) The child mentioned in this vision is Dinocrates, Perpetua's younger brother. He was in purgatory and the reason is given by Saint Augustine, who says that Dinocrates was baptized, but was forced by his father to worship the family gods.

Saint Stephen and Saint Lawrence

(August 3, 1820) Among the relics I possess, I know one of Saint Lawrence. It's a piece of bone encased in dark matter. What a treasure! Saint Stephen and Saint Lawrence! Here they are both present: first Estêvão, then Lourenço. He had on the white robes of a Jewish priest and a wide belt and a sash on his back. He was a handsome young man, taller than Lourenço. He wore a long habit like that of a deacon.

Stephen also had a wide white priest's belt, a collar on his shoulders, woven in white and red, very bright, and the palm of his hand in his hand. Lourenço wore a long folded blue-white habit, cinched with a wide belt and a stole around his neck. He was not as tall as Stephen, but he was, like Stephen, young, handsome and witty. This bone of his must have been blackened by fire and is wrapped in a small black cloth. The grills had the edge of a frying pan. They were wider at the top than at the bottom. They were six feet tall and had four bars across them.

When the saint was in them, a bar was placed over him. He was with the grills when he showed up to me.

I saw Saint Lawrence, Spanish, born in the city of Huesca. His mother's name was Patience. I don't remember the father's name. Both were very pious Christians.

Their houses were marked with a cross carved in stone. Some crossings were single and others were double. I saw that Lourenço had an extraordinary devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and that from approximately the age of eleven he was gifted by God with a wonderful sensitivity to know the proximity of the Eucharist, even if the Blessed Sacrament was carried in secret. Wherever he was taken, he accompanied him and worshiped him with great fervor. His pious parents, who were not so zealous, accused his parents of being excessive. I saw a moving proof of his love for the Blessed Sacrament.

Lourenço learned that a priest secretly took communion to a leper who lived in a miserable hut near the city wall. Out of devotion, he secretly followed the priest to the hut and listened and prayed while the sick woman took communion. The priest actually gave it, but at the moment of receiving it the patient vomited and with that the sacred form came out of his mouth. The priest, whose name I don't remember, became a saint; But then he was in trouble not knowing how to get Sacramento out of that mess. The boy Lourenço saw all this from his hiding place and, unable to contain himself, moved by the love of the Sacrament, he entered the room and, overcoming his natural repugnance, lay down on the vomit and took the Lord's body into his lips. I saw that as a reward for this heroic action he received from God great courage and invincible strength. I also saw, in a way I cannot describe, that he was born not of blood nor of the will of the flesh, but of God. I saw him as a newborn and understood that he was conceived by his parents in the midst of mortification, after having received the holy Sacraments worthily, with modesty and penance; that at the moment of conception he was consecrated to God and that is why he was given this early devotion and this feeling of the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. I was very happy to see a child conceived there, as I always thought should be the case in a Christian marriage. After this heroic action, Lourenço soon went to Rome, with his parents' consent. There I saw him, in the company of holy priests, visiting the sick and prisoners. It didn't take long for him to endear himself especially to Pope Sixtus, who ordained him as a deacon. I saw him help the Pope at Mass and I saw that the Pontiff, after taking communion, gave him communion under both species. I also saw him give the Sacrament to Christians. There was no communion room, as

there is now. The deacons alternated in the church service; but I saw that Lourenço always helped Sixto. When he was arrested, Lorenzo ran after him and called him not to abandon him: I saw that Sixtus, by divine inspiration, announced to him his upcoming martyrdom and ordered him to distribute the Church's treasures among the poor. I saw him go with a lot of money in his chest to a widow named Ciriaca, in whose house many Christians and sick people were hiding, and I saw him humbly wash everyone's feet and help, by laying his hands on them, the widow who had been suffering for some time from violent headaches, and heal the sick and paralyzed, restore sight to the blind, and distribute abundant alms. The widow helped him in all these things, even in converting the Church's treasures into money. I saw him go into a cave and then into the catacombs and help everyone and distribute alms and give holy communion and instill courage and consolation, because there was in him a supernatural and innocent strength of soul and a grave serenity.

I saw him go with Ciriaca to the prison where the Pope was and tell him, as he was being led to martyrdom, that he had already distributed the treasures and as minister of the altar he wanted to accompany him to martyrdom. The Pope again predicted his death.

He was later arrested by soldiers for talking about treasures. The torments are not over; They lasted all night with unprecedented cruelty. Between two places of torture there was a space with columns, where all the instruments of martyrdom were located. Entry to that place was permitted and there were many spectators. There he was martyred until he was roasted on the grill. After being comforted by the angel, turning on the grills, he spoke happily. Alone he placed himself on them without allowing himself to be tied. I knew that, by divine favor, I had stopped feeling that torment and that I was in it like a bed of roses. Other martyrs suffered more terrible pains. His deacon's robes were white. It had a sash at the waist, a stole, a round collar on the shoulders and a tight cloak like Saint Stephen's. I saw that he was buried by Hippolytus and Father Justin and that many wept at his tomb, over which mass was said. Lourenço appeared to me once when I was having doubts about whether I should take communion. He asked me about the state of my spirit and he told me, after listening to me, that I could take communion the next day.

Saint Hippolytus

I saw representations of his life. His parents were extremely poor. The father died very young. The mother was an intractable woman and although she herself was poor and of humble condition, she seemed harsh and proud towards other poor people. I saw many acts of Hippolytus when he was still a child and was shown that these acts were the root of the future grace that would be obtained by becoming a Christian and achieving the palm of martyrdom.

I was shown that even among pagans many graces are united by the good works they do. I saw his mother at odds with another poor woman, whom he treated unfairly and arrogantly kicked out of the house. Which Hipólito felt very much and secretly taking out a piece of his underwear he took it to that woman, giving her to understand that his mother had sent it to him as a sign of reconciliation. He didn't tell her in words: but she couldn't believe anything else. She returned again to Hipólito's mother, who received her with kindness, for she was amazed that, having treated her so harshly before, he now returned with signs of friendship.

I saw other charitable works done by young Hipólito. Being a soldier, one of his

companions was going to be severely punished for having committed a certain crime, when he presented himself to the captain, accusing himself of having been guilty. Thanks to this voluntary accusation, the punishment he suffered from the other was mitigated. Grateful for this favor, his companion joined him so closely that they both became Christians and received martyrdom together. In which I internally saw that works of love and the good works that arise from them are not neglected by the Lord, but rather transform those who practice them into vessels of future graces. I saw that Hippolytus was entrusted with the custody of Lorenzo and that he felt inwardly moved when he presented the poor to the emperor, saying that they were the treasures of the church. Hippolytus was not bad.
He was a pagan, just as Paul was a Jew. I saw that he was converted in prison and that after the martyrdom of Saint Lawrence he remained three days and three nights crying and praying with many other faithful at his tomb.
Over this tomb Justin celebrated mass and gave holy communion, which not all were able to receive: but even in those who did not receive it I saw a burning flame of desire. The priest sprinkled everyone with holy water. The tomb was on the other side of a hill and could not be observed. It wasn't long before Hippolytus was arrested along with many other believers.
His martyrdom, which consisted of being dragged along the ground, occurred in a deserted place, not far from the tomb of Saint Lawrence. The horses refused to leave the area.
The executioners whipped them and pricked them in the flesh and burned them with firebrands. The holy martyr was dragged with repeated shakes. There were places prepared with stones and holes and thorns to tear limbs. Twenty other Christians were martyred with him, including his companion. He wore the white robe of baptism.

Saint Catherine of Alexandria

His father's name was Costa. Catarina was an only child. Just like her mother, she had blond hair, was very lively and spirited and always had to suffer or fight. He was given a servant and from a young age he was given teachers to teach him. I saw her making toys out of tree bark, which she gave to poor children. When she grew up, she wrote a lot on tablets and parchment and gave the writings to other young women. Still, her heart longed for the Savior of men and for Him to deign to move her also, and she had many visions and illustrations. From then on he conceived a mortal hatred for idols and demolished, buried and broke into pieces all the idols he found: for this reason and due to extraordinary and profound speeches against idols he had to be in his father's prison. She was instructed in all the sciences and I saw how as she walked she drew in the sand and on the walls of the castle and that her companions imitated her drawings. When she was eight years old, her father took her with him to Alexandria, where she met the man who would be her husband.
Catherine received ineffable wisdom at baptism. He said admirable things, but kept his religion secret, like other Christians. As her father could no longer tolerate Catherine's aversion to paganism, nor her words and prophecies, he had her imprisoned, believing that in this way she could not have any relationship with those who thought like her. On the other hand, he loved her very much because she was beautiful and discreet. The servants and maids who served him were often changed, because among them there was usually a Christian. Jesus Christ

had already appeared to her as her heavenly Spouse and his image never left her soul; so she didn't even want to hear about any man.
Her father wanted to marry her to a young man from Alexandria, called Maximino, who came from royal lineage and was a nephew of the governor of Alexandria, who, having no children, had named him heir. But Catalina didn't want to know anything about him. I saw that they tried to seduce her: but she was brave and mockingly rejected these attempts. In this she behaved with such discretion and prudence that the majority, considering her foolish, softened her and abandoned her. Before these attempts, when he was twelve years old, his mother died in his arms. Seeing that she was going to die, Catalina told her that she was a Christian and instructed her and decided to receive baptism. I saw that Catherine sprinkled water from a golden cup with a bouquet on her mother's head, forehead, mouth and chest. Catherine's father sent her to Alexandria, to a relative's house, in the hope that there she would accept the one he had appointed her as her husband. He went out on a boat to meet Catherine and I heard her say admirable and very profound things, Christian and contrary to idols. The bride once covered her mouth, half irritated and half joking; but she smiled and continued speaking with vivacity and inspiration. They disembarked at a place where her future husband took her to a house, which was a mansion of worldly pleasures, with the intention of making her change her mind; but she continued with her purpose without leaving her affable air full of grace and dignity. He was just thirteen years old at the time. In Alexandria she lived in her suitor's father's house, in a large palace with many apartments. The young man also lived there, but separately, crazy in love and possessed by restlessness.
But she always spoke of the other Husband, so an attempt was made to seduce her and force her to change her mind and wise men were sent to her to separate her from the faith; but she confused them all.
At that time, the patriarch Theonas was in Alexandria, who with his great meekness had ensured that the pagans did not persecute the Christians. These lived very oppressed and had to proceed with the greatest caution and avoid speaking against idols. Hence a very dangerous tolerance towards pagans and lukewarmness among Christians arose, which is why God arranged for Catherine, with her inner light and inflamed zeal, to revive many. I saw Catarina at Theonas' house. He gave him the Sacrament to take home. She carried it in a golden container on her chest. The most holy Blood did not receive him. I then saw many believers who seemed lonely, trapped and severely tormented in the works, in removing stones and transporting them. They wore grayish habits, knitted with mesh, the thickness of a finger, and on their heads a band that fell over their backs. I saw that communion was given secretly to these.
Catherine was forced by her family to go to the temple of idols: but not only was it not possible to reduce her to offering sacrifices to them, but when the solemnity was greater, Catherine, overcome with holy enthusiasm, approached the priests and overthrew the altar of perfumes and overturned the vessels, crying out against the abominations of idolatry. Then a great commotion arose; They apprehended her, considered her a furious madwoman and took her to the peristyle of the temple to interrogate her. She continued to scream more violently. She was taken to prison and on the way called all the confessors of Christ, inviting them to join her in shedding their blood for Him who redeemed us with His own. She was imprisoned, whipped by scorpions, and thrown before fierce beasts. I thought it wasn't cool to cause martyrdom so intentionally; but there were

exceptions and there were instruments chosen by God. Catherine was urged and raped to sacrifice herself to idols and accept the marriage she hated so much. Previously, after her mother's death, her father had often taken her to the scandalous parties on Venus: but she had always been there with her eyes closed.
In Alexandria the zeal of the Christians was dormant. It was very flattering to the pagans that Theonas consoled the Christian slaves mistreated by their cruel masters and exhorted them to serve them faithfully, whereupon the pagans were so fond of him that many weak Christians drew the consequence that it would not be a bad thing. That is why God raised up that strong, courageous and inspired maiden, so that with her words, her example and her glorious martyrdom she could convert many who would not otherwise have been saved. She took so little care in hiding her faith that she roamed the public squares looking for slaves and Christian workers to console them and exhort them to remain firm in their faith. He knew that many would become lukewarm and apostatize because of this tolerance. He had seen such apostates participate in the sacrifice in the temple, whereupon he felt intense pain and holy indignation. The beasts, to which she was thrown after being whipped, licked her wounds and she found herself suddenly healed in prison. Her fiancé wanted to commit violence there, but had to leave confused and dazed. Her father came and broke her out of prison, taking her back to the young man's home, where every means imaginable was used to induce her into apostasy. The heathen maidens who were sent to her to convince her, she won to Christ; The philosophers who disputed with her gave up. The father lost his patience and attributed all of this to a spell, so he ordered his daughter to be flogged and arrested again.
The tyrant's wife, who had gone to visit her, converted and the officer with her. When she arrived at the prison, an angel appeared with a crown suspended over Catherine's head and another with a palm in front of her. I don't know if the tyrant's wife saw them.
When Catherine was taken to the circus, she was placed on an elevated spot between two wide wheels equipped with sharp iron spikes and teeth. As the wheels began to turn, lightning struck and broke the machinery, throwing the pieces in different directions and injuring and killing about thirty pagans. A great storm of wind and hail followed, but she was sitting very calmly among the remains of the wheels, with her arms outstretched. She was again taken to prison and oppressed for many days. Several men tried to seize her: but she rejected them with her hand and they remained like motionless statues. Others arrived and by simply showing them with her hand those who were petrified, she rejected them. Everything was attributed to magical art and Catherine was taken back to the place of executions. She knelt on the block, with her head turned to the side, and was decapitated. An extraordinary amount of blood gushed from the wound: the head completely separated from the body. They threw the body into a burning oven: but the flames turned against the executioners, while a cloud of smoke covered his body.
They took it from there and threw it to hungry beasts to tear it to pieces:; but they did not touch her. The next day, the executioners took the body to a cave full of filth, among eldergrass. At night I saw in that place two angels in priestly robes who covered the body with tree bark and carried it away.
Catherine was martyred in the year 299, at the age of sixteen. Among the many maidens who accompanied her, crying, to the place of torture, some were later unfaithful; but the tyrant's wife and the officer suffered bravely and died for Christ.

The angels carried the body of this holy virgin to an inaccessible peak of Mount Sinai. I saw the surface of that ridge, which would not be large enough to accommodate more than a small house. This house was built with red bricks patterned with plants and flowers. They placed the body and head facing the stone, which seemed as soft as wax, as that sacred body was imprinted inside like a shape. Hands were clearly imprinted on that stone. The angels placed a shining lid on top of the stone, slightly elevated above ground level. The body remained there for many centuries completely hidden, until it was shown in a vision by God to a hermit on Mount Horeb. There they lived alone under the obedience of an abbot. The hermit repeatedly told his vision to the abbot and learned that another of the loners had seen the same vision. The abbot ordered them, out of holy obedience, to go in search of the sacred body; Naturally this was not possible, as the place was inaccessible, prominent, over an abyss of rocks. I saw them travel through that region in a single night, which would naturally require many days of travel; They were in a supernatural state. Although everything was dark and gloomy, there was light around them. I saw that each of them was transported to that inaccessible peak in the arms of an angel and I saw the angels also open the tomb. One of the hermits carried the head; the other the rest of the body, which had been dissected and made light and small, and thus supported by the angels they descended from that height. I saw at the foot of Mount Sinai the chapel where the holy body rested. This chapel was supported by twelve columns. The monks who lived there seemed Greek to me. They wore a dress made of common fabric that they made themselves. I saw Saint Catherine's bones resting in a small sarcophagus. There was nothing there but a very white skull and a right arm; I didn't see anything else. Everything in that monastery was in decay. I saw next to the sacristy a small cave excavated in the rock: its walls contained sacred relics.
They were wrapped in wool and silk, well preserved. Among these relics were some of the prophets who once lived on this mountain and whom the Essenes venerated when they lived in their caves; I saw relics of Jacob, Joseph and their family, things that the Israælites brought from Egypt. These holy relics seemed unknown to most: they were honored only by a few pious monks. The entire monastery church was built on the mountain, on the part facing Arabia: but it was made in such a way that one could go around it towards the back of the mountain.

Visions of the Saints

Santa Clara

She prayed before the Blessed Sacrament with the greatest devotion to ensure that her birth was blessed, and had an internal warning that she would give birth to a daughter who would be lighter than the sun. That's why the girl was called Clara. I learned that the mother had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, Rome and other holy places. His parents were distinguished people, very pious. Clara felt attracted from an early age to everything that was sacred and pure. If they took her to church she would immediately stretch out her little hands towards the Blessed Sacrament. All the other things that were presented to him, even though they were very well painted and attractive, and even the images of the church, did not attract his attention.
The mother taught the girl to pray, and from then on she practiced mortification. The Rosary devotion must have already been in use, because Clara's parents, with everyone in the family, recited a certain number of Our Fathers and Hail Marys in the afternoon. I saw that Clara looked for certain smooth stones of different sizes

and carried them in a double leather pocket, and then, praying, placed them to the right and to the left. Other times I saw her organize those pebbles into lines and circles, and after having arranged a certain number, she would reflect and contemplate in silence. If she saw that she had prayed without much attention, penance would be imposed. He skillfully intertwined small crosses with straws. She was only about six years old when I saw her in the backyard of her house, where they had killed some pigs, collecting the bristles, cutting them and carrying them hidden under her clothes, on her neck and on the back of her head, to do penance. Later his piety became better known.
San Francisco received an internal notice to visit Clara's parents. I saw this visit and what they called Clara. Francisco spoke to her, and she was completely moved by the saint's words. I saw that a young man presented himself to his parents to ask her to marry him and that his parents were not unaware of this intention, despite not having spoken to Clara. She was warned internally of her parents' intentions and ran to her room where, before a small altar, she took a vow of virginity.
Her parents then presented her before that young man and she solemnly declared the vow she had made. Her parents were surprised and did not force her to get married. Then I saw her perform all kinds of good works, especially with the poor, to whom she secretly brought, whenever she could, food prepared for herself. I saw her visit Francisco at the Porciúncula monastery, always more determined in her purpose of consecrating herself to God. On the feast of Palm Sunday she went to church dressed in her best attire. The Bishop distributed palm branches to those who approached the altar. Clara was retreating inside the church. The bishop saw that a ray of light was landing on her and went there to give her those branches. This ray of light spread to several people who were in the church. During the night I saw her leave her parents' house and go to the Porciúncula church, where Francisco and his brothers welcomed her with lit candles singing the Veni Creator. I saw her acquire the habit of penance there and cut her hair. Then Saint Francis took her to the convent located in the city. Before this time she wore a belt made of horse hair with thirteen knots and later another with pig bristles facing inward. I saw a nun in that convent who hated her very much and who did not want to reconcile with her.
That nun wasted away in bed while Clara also died. Clara begged her and urged her to reconcile, but the nun did not want to do so. Then Clara prayed with greater fervor and told some nuns to take the sick woman to her bed. They obeyed: they took the sick woman, who suddenly recovered.
At this she felt so moved that she begged the saint to forgive her everything that had happened; The saint, in turn, begged him to forgive her as if it were her fault. At her death, I saw the Blessed Virgin present with a choir of holy virgins.

Paintings of the youth of Saint Augustine

The Pilgrim mistakenly confused the relics of Saint Augustine and Saint Francis de Sales, wrongly writing down the names on the reliquary. Ana Catalina said the following:
I saw a holy bishop and a holy lady beside me. The relics of both must be found here, as the apparition happened very close to me and disappeared right here. Every time I see the apparition of a saint, whose relic is close to me, the light that comes from the relic moves away from my side and joins one that comes from above and joins it and within this, mixing the two lights, I see the appearance of

the saint. When, however, I do not have the relic with me and a saint appears, the light and the apparition both come from high in the sky.
The Pilgrim, thinking he was placing the relic of Saint Francis at his side, heard the seer say: I have in my presence my dear father Augustine, returning from ecstasy, continued: I saw the saint dressed in his episcopal vestments and, below him, his name written in angular letters. This surprised me; At first I thought I saw his sacred bones curiously hidden in a strange object, like the shell of a snail; I couldn't know what it was. Suddenly the object transformed and took on a more beautiful shape: it was smooth as a stone and the inner cavity contained the saint's relic. I learned that I was inside a mother-of-pearl capsule. I saw the saint when I was a child, at his parents' house, located not far from a medium-sized city.
It was built in the Roman style, with a peristyle and colonnade: around it were buildings with fields and gardens. It looked like a village to me. The father was a strong man, of tall stature: he had a severe air and it seemed to me that he must have been invested with some authority, as I saw him speak very seriously with other people who seemed inferior to him. I also saw other people kneel before him, as if begging for some grace: perhaps they were servants or peasants. I saw that the father, in the presence of the boy Agostinho, talked and treated him in a more friendly and prolonged way with his wife Mônica, as if he had a predilection for the boy. Besides, he didn't take much care of him.
Augustine spent his time with two other men and his mother. Monica was short; she walked a little hunched over; She was elderly and rather dark in color; She was very God-fearing, sweet-tempered and was in constant concern and care for her son Augustine. I followed her everywhere, because I saw that Augustine was restless and full of petty evil. I saw him climb dangerously and even run along the edge of the smooth, flat roof of his father's house. Of the two men I saw in the house, one looked like a tutor and the other looked like a servant. You would go with the child to the neighboring village, to a school where there were many children, and bring him back home. Outside of class, I saw him do all kinds of childish games and tricks. He hit and threw debris at the animals and fought with his companions. He stole from every cupboard in the house and ate all the sweets he found; However, I saw that there was much good in him; He easily gave everything he had and sometimes just threw it away. I also saw a woman in that house who was a maid or servant.
Later he was taken to another school, in a larger and more distant city. I saw him go there in a cart with small, very wide wheels, pulled by two horses: two people accompanied him. I saw him at school with many children. He slept in a large room: there was a reed or tree bark partition between one bed and another. School took place in a large room. The students were sitting circularly, around the wall, on stone benches and writing, on their knees, on small dark pads. They also had volumes and pencils. The teacher was on a platform with two levels and had a small chair; Behind him was a large board, on which she sometimes drew figures.
The teacher called one or the other to the middle of the room. They often stood face to face, holding labels or volumes in their hands, from which they read, and as they did so they moved their hands and gestured as if they were preaching. It looked like they were arguing; but more often as if they were preaching. I saw that Agostinho was at school with good behavior and that he later became the first in his class.
When he left there with his friends, he indulged in all kinds of mischief, hurting and destroying animals or things. I have seen him, for example, kill for pleasure,

with blows and stones, certain long-necked birds, which were domestic animals there; then I saw him take them aside and cry with compassion. I saw companions running and fighting in a round garden, where there were covered paths; They caused a lot of damage, broke, stole and cursed. From there I saw him return home and indulge in all kinds of mischief and disorder. I saw him go out one night with several companions and steal fruit. I saw him shake his cloak, all full of I don't know what stolen things. Monica, his mother, reprimanded him, prayed a lot for him, was sad and cried because of her son.

Later, I saw him leave towards that great city where Perpetua was martyred. To get there you had to cross a wide river, over which there was a bridge. I immediately recognized that city. On one side there were rocks that descended towards the sea, covered with walls and towers. There were many ships and a smaller town was nearby. There were many large buildings, like in ancient Rome, and also a large Christian church. I saw many episodes of the crazy things that Augustine did with his companions. He lived alone in a house and fought with other companions. I saw that he was visiting a woman; but he did not stay long with her, as he was always in a feverish movement. I saw him take part in public shows, which seemed truly diabolical to me. I saw a very vast and round building: on one side full of stands: underneath there were many entrances, from where you could climb to the top of the stands and walk around all of them. The building had no roof: all you could see was a large cloth spread out, like a tent. The seats were full of spectators; At the front, spectacles were performed that filled me with horror and abomination. In the background, behind that plane, all kinds of objects and places were represented, and suddenly it seemed as if these objects and places were sinking into the earth. They would erect a false wall or tap some secret spring and something new would appear again. Once I saw it suddenly spread out and a beautiful square inside a city appeared before my eyes. It seemed like everything was happening in that small square. Suddenly, men and women appeared there in pairs, talking and doing all kinds of crazy things. All of this was horrible and abominable. I also saw that whœver represented a character in the scene wore ugly masks with long, deformed mouths. On their feet they wore clogs that were pointed at the top and wide at the bottom, painted in red, yellow and different colors. I saw that another crowd, below the stage, was talking and singing with those above.

I have seen children aged eight to twelve playing flutes, some straight and some crooked, and other stringed instruments. I saw those children fall from above with their legs open and their heads down: I believe they were tied with ropes and held in some way: the spectacle caused horror. Then I saw two men fighting: one of them had two wounds on his face and was bleeding: a doctor came and healed him and bandaged the wounds. I can't describe the annoyance and ugliness of it all. The women who recited and performed there were also men, although they wore women's dresses. I saw that Augustine presented himself to the public, but not in any of the performances mentioned. I saw him involved in all kinds of vain entertainments and sins; Always, in everything, he was the first, and that seemed to me to be pure vanity, because I always saw him sad and thoughtful and restless, as soon as he was alone. That woman he lived with brought home a child, which he didn't care much about. Most of the time I saw him in the rooms and on the balconies, arguing, talking to other people or listening to people talk, and sometimes he would take out labels or volumes and read them in his discussions. His mother came to see him in Carthage, spoke to him very affectionately and

cried a lot over him. While she was in that city, she did not live in the same house.
In your mother's house I didn't see a cross or an image of saints; There were statues there according to the pagan style; but neither she nor her husband took the statues into consideration. The mother always retreated to a corner of the house or to the garden to pray: there she sat, bowed, prayed and cried. Despite this, I did not see her as free from all defects: while she lamented her son's thefts in matters of gluttony and cried, she also ate greedily, and I learned that Augustine inherited this defect from her. I saw, for example, that when she went to the canteen to get wine for her husband, she drank something from the amphoræ and ate some sweets with pleasure. I saw how she repented and fought against greed and the vice of gluttony. I saw many of Mônica's customs, which were those of that time. She, like others, once took baskets of bread and other food to the cemetery. This cemetery was surrounded by solid walls and the graves were covered by sarcophagi and stone buildings. He placed these foods there with pious intent and then the poor gathered them to eat. Another time I saw her, when her son was already an adult, traveling on foot with a bundle that her servant was carrying and approaching a bishop, who told her a lot about her son. She cried a lot on this occasion and the bishop told her something that comforted her. Later I saw Augustine return from Carthage to his home. His father had already died. I saw him in his small town teaching and training others, always full of dissipation and spiritual restlessness. I saw him with a friend who was baptized shortly before he died. Augustine mocked this baptism, but was greatly affected by the death. Later, I saw him again in Carthage, in all the savagery of his dissipated life.

Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Joan Frances de Chantal

(May 29, 1820) When Ana Catarina was asked by the pilgrim why the relics of Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Joan Francisca de Chantal were with others belonging to Roman martyrs, she replied: These relics had long been in the church of Uberwasser, Miinster. They were taken from altars and closets and mixed together.
I saw an illustrious ecclesiastic who did wonderful good in a mountainous country, situated between France and Italy, and I accompanied him on many of his journeys. I saw him in his youth study very zealously and make a slut run away with a burning brand. I saw symbolic images of his zeal.
With a torch in his hand, he ran from one side of the cities and villages to the other, setting them on fire and the flames spread from one village to another. The fire hit a large city on the banks of a lake. When it stopped, a gentle rain fell and objects similar to shiny pebbles and pearls were scattered across the ground, which were collected and taken to the houses: wherever these pearls arrived, everything grew and became brighter. I saw him look ineffably sweet, work with great zeal, and continue in his work. I saw him going everywhere in person, climbing high above the snow. I saw him next to the king and next to the Pope and then in a court located between these two sovereigns. Day and night he traveled on foot to many places, helping and teaching. Often at night he would take refuge in a forest.
Through San Francisco I met the illustrious lady Joana Francisca de Chantal, who walked with me all the paths of Francisco and showed me his life and everything he had done. I traveled with her and we talked about many things. She was a widow and had children. Once I saw her among her children. I heard a story about her that caused her a lot of pain and I saw images related to that episode. A lady

of the world, of small stature, of illustrious status, of light habits, showed herself to be penitent and through Saint Joana Francisca presented herself to the holy bishop; but she always relapsed into her evil passions. Francisca told me that because of her she found herself in serious difficulties and losses, such was the influence that lady had.
Then I saw that the bishop, together with Joãoa Francisca de Chantal, built a convent. That worldly lady seemed converted and was doing penance in a small room near the convent. Joana Francisca showed me the state of that person, who was in a dark place. I saw Bishop São Francisco celebrate mass in a place where many people doubted the real presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. During mass he had a vision, in which he knew that a woman present there had gone to mass just to please her husband; but she did not believe in transubstantiation and that she carried with her a piece of bread hidden in her pocket. Francis took the pulpit and preached that the Lord could perform transubstantiation as easily as he could turn the bread an unbelieving person had into stone in his pocket. I saw that person leave the church and discovered that his bread had turned to stone.
I saw the holy bishop always dressed with great cleanliness and decency. I saw him in a place full of treacherous enemies, at night, in a hut where about twenty people came, whom he trained in the faith, I saw how they set up ambushes for him to take his life, and they chased him into a jungle where he had taken refuge.
Later I was with that lady (Santa Joana Francisca) walking through a big city where she showed me how she had fought against a heretic who always walked along lost paths, close to the truth. She didn't let him out of her sight and always followed him at crossroads and he didn't want to let himself be saved and led to the truth. In this city the saint and I had to walk through a large square full of citizens and peasants, who were exercising in storm troop races. I was very afraid of being run over, even more so when the lady told me that it was impossible for her to continue walking, as she was so hungry that she was about to faint. Then I saw one of those people who ate bread and meat. I begged him to give me a bite and he gave me bread and chicken. After eating it, the lady managed to reach her convent.
In these images, in which in a state of vision he performed an act of charity towards whœver he appeared, I had the internal knowledge since I was a child that these were works that the saints wanted from us so that they would benefit someone else in need. They are good works that they allow others to do in their name, apparently to make other people in need feel the benefit of them.
I mean that just as we render to God what we actually do for our neighbors, in this case we also render to our neighbors what we actually do to the saints.
I entered the convent that the holy lady founded together with the bishop and visited all its facilities. It was a wonderful old building. In those rooms there was a large quantity of provisions, all kinds of fruit and fodder, many articles of clothing and very curious caps. These nuns must have shown great kindness towards the poor. I put everything that was scattered around in order. But in these works there was before me a malicious nun, who reproached me for all kinds of faults and tried to defame me, as if I were trying to steal. She told me all my faults: that I was greedy, because I always said that money was mud, and yet I searched through things looking for every penny: that I was uselessly occupied with the things of the world and that I undertook many tasks and was not able to complete them, and so on. This little nun was always after me; He never had the courage to

introduce himself. I then told her that she would have to stand in front of me if she wanted to talk to me, and it turned out that he was the tempter in the form of a little nun. Nowadays this has bothered me a lot in many ways. At the extreme edge of the upper part of the convent, in the last corner, I found a nun who had been placed there by the founder and who had in her hand a scale that contained a mixture of lentils, similar to small yellow seeds, among pearls and dust. She was supposed to purify all that and take half of the good seed to the front of the convent to sow there: but I saw that she didn't do that and was careless and disobedient. Another arrived who was supposed to do it in her place, but she didn't do any better than the previous one. So I started working alone and started separating one from the other in that messy pile. This meant that new and pure grain had to be transmitted from the spiritual harvest of that convent to the previous part of the same convent; that is, that the object and blessed fruit of its foundation were to be renewed and made fruitful and good again through the merits that derived from ancient kindness and discipline, repairing all that could have been lost through the negligence of superiors.
Later Ana Catalina had another vision of the saint's life, from childhood until death; but he had neither the time nor the strength to report to the pilgrim. Saint Francis frequently appeared to him and asked him for part of his merits for the restoration of order. On July 2, 1821, he said the following:
I was in Annecy last night, at the convent of the daughter of Saint Frances de Chantal. I was very sick and was lying on the bed in a room and saw the preparations for the feast of the Visitation. I saw, as if I were in the choir, that the solemnity was celebrated at the altar. I was in such a deplorable state that I passed out. Then he quickly came to my Saint Francis de Sales and gave me comfort. He wore a solemn ornament, long, yellow and very wide.
Saint Joana Francisca de Chantal was also by my side.

São Uberto

When I took his relic in my hands I heard the voice and saw the holy bishop saying: “It is my bone. I'm Uberto. I saw many images of his life, since he was a child in an old castle.” who was alone, surrounded. He wore narrow clothes and with his bow he walked through the forests and fields where there were peasants plowing the land. He hunted birds and gave them to the poor who lived around the castle. I often saw him sailing secretly. on some boards around the well with water to distribute alms to the poor. Later I saw him married, still young, participating with others in a great hunt. He wore a leather helmet: a twisted beast. in his hand a light spear All the hunters were accompanied by small dogs, with yellowish or orange fur. I saw some big and wild ones next to Uberto and they started hunting in a plain close to a river. It had been a long time since I saw Uberto chase, with his dogs, a small deer with yellowish fur. When the dogs reached the deer, they went back to the back, where Uberto was, and barked as if they wanted to tell him something. The deer stopped and looked at Uberto. After this had happened several times, Uberto launched some of his companions' dogs in pursuit of the deer; but these too returned and, barking, stood beside their owners. Uberto's anxiety always grew when he saw that the deer apparently grew larger; In this way, chasing him, he distanced himself from his companions. The deer ran toward a bush and appeared to grow taller. Uberto thought that the animal would be so entangled with its horns in the branches that it would not be able to continue its escape. The animal resolutely entered the branches with great

agility, and Uberto, who usually overcame these difficulties easily, pursued it and penetrated with difficulty those intertwined branches. There I saw the deer grow and stand in all its beauty and size: it looked like a stout, yellowish horse and had long, beautiful manes like silk around its body. Uberto was on the animal's right and raised his spear to wound it. Then the deer looked at Uberto with a look full of sweetness and a luminous cross with the image of the Savior appeared between its antlers.

Uberto fell to his knees and shouted with his hunting horn. When his companions arrived, they found him passed out. They also saw the apparition: then the cross disappeared and the deer became small again, and disappeared. They took Uberto home, sick, in the same cart attached to the two donkeys. He was a Christian and his father, it seemed to me, was a duke, in decline at that time, as the castle where they lived was very deteriorated. Uberto had already seen the appearance of a young man in a deserted place who invited him to follow him. He seemed very excited, but due to his great passion for hunting he had forgotten the strong impression of the first moment. Another time, he chased through the fields a lamb that took refuge in a bush. As he was unable to find it, he set fire to it; but the smoke and fire turned against him, so that he suffered several burns and the lamb was left intact.

Uberto, as I said, was taken home seriously ill and was believed to die. He was filled with repentance and begged God for the grace of being able to serve him faithfully until the end of his life, if he would grant him his lost health. Healthy from that disease; Shortly afterwards, his wife died and I saw him dressed as a monk. It was granted to him in a vision, thanks to having overcome his passions, that all that harmful force he previously had would become a healthy and benign force in favor of others. Later, I saw him cure, with the laying on of hands, the evils of cholera, anger and bloodlust, both physically and spiritually. He also healed the same animals. I saw him put the rope in the mouths of mad dogs, and they were healed. I saw him prepare and bless small round loaves for the men and longer ones for the animals. With them he cured anger. I know for sure that whœver invokes the saint with firm faith will feel, in the strength and merit of the gift of healing that was granted to him, morally strengthened against anger and rage. Later I saw him in Rome, where the Pope, following a vision, consecrated him Bishop.

Saint Gertrude

Before the birth of the girl, the mother had a vision in which it seemed to her that she was giving birth to a girl, who had an abbess's pastoral staff, from which a vine came out and spread. The mother lived in an old castle. He once found himself in serious trouble with the people of that region because of the numerous rats that were destroying the crops and stored provisions. She was filled with horror and disgust and told her daughter Gertrude about the devastation caused by the harmful rodents.

Gertrude knelt before her mother and prayed fervently to God to free them from that scourge. I saw that all the rats fled from the castle and drowned in the water-filled moat that surrounded it. Gertrude, by the strength of her innocent and trusting faith, achieved great effectiveness against these and other harmful animals. Later I saw that she had some mice around her, as well as hares and birds that came and went as she ordered, and she gave them food. I saw that she was desired in marriage by a young man whom she told that it was better that he

should choose the Church as his wife and become an ecclesiastic. This young man did this after seeing other young women he had proposed to marry die. Later I saw Gertrude as a nun, her mother as abbess: after her mother she herself was elected abbess. The moment the pastoral crozier was brought to her, she emerged from the point where the crozier formed the curve, a vine. with nineteen grains of grapes, which she divided, giving one to her mother and the rest to the eighteen nuns of the convent. I also saw a pair of rats running around the people, as if paying homage to the new abbess. The mother's dream came true at that moment.

Blessed Magdalene of Hadamar

On January 19, 1820, the Pilgrim presented Ana Catalina with a relic of this stigmatized saint, and she said: What should I do with this long dress? I can't reach that nun: she's too far away from me. They tormented this poor nun so much that she was unable to fulfill her mission. They made her die before she could do so. I saw little Madalena, to whom this habit belonged, in the convent cemetery, in a corner where there was a small Rosary. Nearby, on the wall, were the Stations of the Cross and in the Rosary niche the image of the Savior carrying the cross. In front of the building there was an elder tree and a kind of walnut fence.
In the small square that stretched nearby, they had deposited a large amount of unfinished work: unsewn cloth, embroidery and similar things.
I began to work happily: I sewed and mended, and in the meantime I recited the Office. I had to sweat a lot on this job and I had very severe pain in my scalp. Every hair on my head hurt separately. I knew very well the meaning of that work and of each of the objects that surrounded me and that I had to work on.
Next to the elder tree, in a quiet and truly pleasant corner, little Madalena had given herself too much to the taste of piety and was neglected, leaving several works for the poor uncompleted. When I finally freed myself from so much work, I entered that cabin in front of a closet, where Madalena introduced herself to me, thanking me, with a very happy face, as if she hadn't seen anyone for a long time. He opened the closet and saw there gathered all the pieces he had given up in favor of the poor. He thanked me for cleaning up the place and finishing the job. “Here, in this earthly life, you can do, in one hour, she said, what there, in the next life, cannot be compensated for.” She promised me clothes for my poor children. She said that she had taken on too many tasks, out of an excess of good heart and benevolence, so that later she had to be careless and interrupt several things. He taught me that order and discretion are necessary even in suffering: otherwise confusion and disorder will arise. She was not tall, but she had a very thin body. The face was full and flowery. He showed me his parents' house and also the door through which he left to enter the convent.
I immediately saw many images of her life in the same convent. She was very benevolent and helpful and worked and labored for the benefit of others in every way she could. I saw her, lying in bed, suffer various illnesses and suddenly recover. I saw the effusions of blood from their stigmata. In his sufferings he received help from heaven. When the prioress or the other nuns were on one side of her bed, I saw images of angels or nuns on the other, who were in the air and comforted her, gave her something to drink or supported her. I saw her well treated by her sisters; but when her condition became known to the public, I saw her suffer a lot from the continuous visits and the false veneration given to her. All the things that happened to her were so exaggerated that they caused her a lot

of pain; That's what she assured me. I saw your confessor taking notes and writing; but he spoke more of his own admiration than of the very things that motivated it. I saw her subjected to an investigation, after the suppression of the convent, carried out by ecclesiastics and military doctors. I saw no insult given to her, but they behaved rudely and badly, although they were far from the malice and falsehood of those who treated me in the same case. They especially tormented her, trying to make her eat, and because of this she suffered from frequent vomiting. From childhood she became accustomed to deprivation and abstinence; His parents were of poor condition, but very pious. His mother told him, in his early years, when he ate or drank: “Now, deprive yourself of this morsel or this drink in favor of the poor or the souls in Purgatory.” Thus he instilled in him abstinence and the spirit of mortification.

The ecclesiastics, in the last investigation, left everything to the doctors and remained very cold towards her. She had wonderful things, but she was very well known. He died very early; She was very distressed internally and all these suffocated and repressed sadness worked to shorten her life. I saw his death; not the ceremonies and circumstances of his burial and the treatment of his corpse, but I saw the soul as it departed, leaving the body inert.

When the Pilgrim later brought her the cloth with the stigmatized woman's blood again, Ana Catalina exclaimed: Ah! Are you here, my dear?... Oh, how intelligent, helpful, benevolent and kind she was! ....

(She was silent for a while and added): Why did Jesus say to Magdalene, “Woman, why are you crying?” I know why: my heavenly Husband told me. Madalena had looked for him so eagerly and with so much restless ardor, and when she found him, she took him for the gardener. So he said to her, “Woman, why are you crying?...” But when she exclaimed, “Master!” and recognized Him, He said to her: “Mary”. According to how we seek God, this is how we find Him. That's how I also saw it with this Madalena of mine. I saw her lying in a dark room and many people approaching her: those who wanted to examine her and ask questions. They were rude in their dealings; but not so bad as those who came to see me for the same purpose. He was told a joke, and this language caused him so much discomfort and was received so unpleasantly that he fell into intense sadness. When she was reduced to greater subjection, nothing happened to her that she feared. I saw this image when I was near the window that looked out onto the garden.

She had this unpleasant incident because she doubted about meeting her heavenly Husband, who was by her side. Madalena still owes me the clothes promised for my poor.

Saint Paula

Father Limberg presented her with a piece of cloth taken from a package of relics so that he could recognize him. The seer looked at him carefully and then said:

It belongs to the veil of that lady who made a pilgrimage from Rome to Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

It's from Saint Paula's veil. Here is the saint beside me. This veil is long and hangs downwards, descending from the face. In her hands she has a thick-handled cane.

He also recognized a fragment of silk that Saint Paula had used as a curtain in front of the image of the manger, in her small chapel. The saint often prayed with her daughter behind this curtain, and the Baby Jesus also often appeared to her in this place. The Pilgrim asked: Was this curtain in front of the real manger or just in the manger's cave? He replied:

I was in front of the small manger that the nuns of Santa Paula had in their chapel. The convent was so close to the manger grotto that it seemed as if the chapel had been built next to it and rested exactly on the spot where Jesus was born. The chapel was made of wood with interwoven work and, inside, everything was covered with carpets. From there, about four rows of small, light cells emerged, similar to accommodation in the Holy Land. Each cell had a small garden in front. There Santa Paula and her daughter met their first companions. In the chapel there was an isolated altar with a tabernacle and behind this altar, separated only by a curtain woven of red and white silk, one could see the place where the manger erected by Saint Paula was located, divided only by a wall of the Manjedoura grotto, which it was the place where Jesus Christ was born. This manger in Santa Paula exactly imitated the real one, although smaller and built in white stone; It was made with so much detail that even the hay and straw could be seen. The Baby Jesus was exposed, dressed in narrow blue sash. Many times, in prayer, Saint Paula took him in her arms. From the part where the manger rested on the wall there descended a roof to which a donkey was tied with its head facing the manger; It was made of wood, painted and its hair was imitated with threads. A star was suspended from the top of the manger. In front of the curtain, to the right and left of the altar, lamps were hung.

Saint Scholastica and Saint Benedict

Through a relic of Saint Scholastica I saw many images of her life and that of Saint Benedict. I saw your father's house in a big city, not far from Rome. It wasn't made in the Roman style. On the side facing the street there was a paved space, closed by a lower wall with a reddish fence.

Behind him was a garden courtyard and a fountain that provided water. In the garden there was a shady place, where I saw Bento and Escolástica playing innocently and in agreement, as they had always done since they were children. The site was covered externally with plants and vines. The roof was flat and decorated with colorful figures. I believe that these figures were first carved and then placed there, because they had a very visible relief. Brother and sister loved each other very much and seemed like twins to me. Little birds, very familiar with them, arrived at the window of that country house, carrying branches and flowers in their beaks, and looked around, looking for the children, who were having fun with the flowers and plants and driving in various types of nails. the floor. I have seen them write and engrave all kinds of figures on colored material. From time to time a nanny came to watch them at their recreation.

It seemed to me that his parents were rich people, very busy with business, because I saw about twenty people in the house and watched them come and go. They didn't seem to take much care of their children. The father was a strong and corpulent man, dressed completely in Roman fashion. He ate with his wife and some people in the lower part of the house; the children lived upstairs and separately. Benedict had as his preceptor an elderly ecclesiastic with whom he lived alone. Escolástica was with the servant in a room where she also slept. I noticed that their guardians did not leave them alone or together for a long time; so that when they were left alone they were very content and happy. I saw that Escolástica learned a particular type of work from her nurse. In a room next to the one where she slept there was a table where she placed her feminine works. There were many baskets full of fabrics of all colors, with which she made figures of birds, flowers, spiral ornaments and others that were then sewn into a stronger

cloth, so that they looked fitted. The ceiling of the room was also decorated with colorful figures like the one in the garden room. The windows did not have glass, but rather panels on which were drawn figures of trees, spirals and other outlined ornaments. Escolástica slept behind a curtain; His bed was very little elevated above the ground. I saw her in the morning, when the servant left the room, jump out of bed and kneel at the foot of a cross that hung on the wall and pray there: when she heard the servant's footsteps she hid behind the curtain and that's how she was. peacefully in bed when the maid arrived. I saw Bento and Escolástica at the preceptor's school; but each one at a different time. I saw them read from large books, as well as draw letters with gold and truly beautiful red and blue. What was written and memorized was messed up. To do this, a certain utensil the length of a finger was used. The older the children grew, the less they were left alone.

Then I saw Bento, who was already fourteen years old, go to Rome and enter a large building, in which there was a corridor with many rooms. It looked like a school or a monastery. I saw many young people and some elderly ecclesiastics celebrate a party in a large room, decorated with pictures and paintings similar to those in Benedict's house. I saw that those guests did not eat reclining, but rather sat in low, round armchairs, so that they had to stretch their legs a lot and that is why they sat next to each other at that very low table. To place the plates and glasses, which were yellow, there were cavities made in the table itself. I didn't see much food; In the middle were three large plates filled with flat, yellowed food. When the meal was over, I saw six women of various ages enter. They carried figures made of pasta and jellies and baskets with bottles hanging from their arms; They were relatives of young people who were educated there. The students got up from the table and had fun with those people in a corner of the table and received jams, pastries, sweets and drinks.

Among them was a woman of about thirty, whom I had already seen at Bento's house: she approached Bento in a more insinuating way, who was pure and innocent and did not suspect anyone. I learned that this woman was taking advantage of the young man's innocence and that she gave him a drink from her flask and that in that drink there was something poisonous, magically intoxicating. Bento didn't have the slightest feeling of that. Later, I saw him agitated during the night in his cell because of that drink, and in great distress he went to one of them, from whom he obtained permission to go down to the courtyard, as he never left his cell without permission. I saw him in the darkness of the night whipping himself in a corner of that courtyard, his back with branches of thorns and nettles, very rigorously. Later I saw that, alone, he generously helped that seductress, who was in great trouble, and that he did it precisely to do good to an enemy. He knew from an inner voice the woman's evil intention.

Later I saw Bento on a high mountain full of rocks. He was in his twentieth year of age. I saw how a cell was excavated inside a rock, then a corridor and another cell, and thus several cells were excavated in the rock. Furthermore, only the first had a door open to the outside. I saw that at the top she rounded them like vaults and there she intertwined and fixed certain images or paintings made up of small stones next to each other. I saw three similar paintings in a cell: the one above represented the sky; on the one hand, the birth of Christ and, on the other, the final judgment. I remember that in this last painting the Lord was sitting in a tree, with a sword sticking out of his mouth, and below, between the blessed and the damned, was an angel with a pair of scales. It also represented a monastery, with

an abbot and behind him many monks. It seemed that Bento had foreseen the development of his own work. I saw his sister, who had stayed at home, go to visit him on foot several times. He didn't allow him to spend the night there. Sometimes she would bring him a volume that she had transcribed and designed. They talked about divine things.
Bento planted trees along the path that led to his cell, as if it were prepared for a procession. He was always severe in his behavior and treatment of his sister. She, in her great innocence, had always been very kind and cheerful. When Bento didn't tell her many of the things she expected, she turned to God and prayed to Him, explaining her desire. Then I saw that her brother seemed happy and kind to her. I saw her, under the direction of her brother, build a monastery on a high mountain, about a day's journey away, and enter it with a large number of nuns. I saw her instructing those nuns in the corner. There was no organ there; organs caused serious damage; They degraded the music. I saw how those nuns prepared and made ecclesiastical ornaments, and especially with the type of work that Escolástica had learned as a child in her father's house. She had arranged a large tablecloth on the refectory table with various colorful embroideries of images and phrases from the Scriptures; She did it in such a way that each nun, when she sat in her place, had before her eyes exactly what she should exercise and work on. Scholastica told me many kind and comforting things about spiritual work and the work of ecclesiastics. I noticed that both she and Bento were always surrounded by very familiar and domesticated birds. While she was still at home, I saw pigeons leave the house and go to where Bento was alone. At the monastery I saw them surrounded by doves and larks carrying white, red and violet flowers in their beaks. Once a dove brought him a rose with a leaf. I have seen many other images of them, which I cannot narrate now because I am very sick and in a miserable state. Scholasticism was very pure. I see her now in the sky, sincere as snow.

Saint Walburga

She took a finger bone from its box, remained silent for a few moments and then said: Ah, what a nice nun! So beautiful, so slender, so resplendent! She really was all angelic. It's Walburga! Here is your monastery. I was led by two blessed nuns to a church where there was a solemn celebration, as if the body of a saint had been carried away or as if she had been declared a saint.
There was a bishop who looked after everyone and who indicated each person their position.
It was not the church of the monastery where he lived, but it was located in a high and very vast place. Many people showed up, as I didn't see so many at the Cruz festivals in Cœsfeld. Most people had to stay outside the church, in the open air. I had positioned myself near the altar, not far from the sacristy, and the two nuns were at my side. On the steps of the altar there was a simple white box that contained the saint's body. The white sheet that covered him hung on both sides of the coffin. The body was white as snow, it looked lively and alive, and the cheeks were rosy. Saint Walburga always had as pure a color in her face as a sincere and delicate child could have. The party began, which consisted of a solemn mass. I couldn't stay there; It seemed to me that I was fainting and I found myself on the floor supported by one arm and my two companions who were at my head and at my feet were also supporting themselves on my arms.
I saw an abbess who came from the Valburga monastery prepare three types of dough in the sacristy to make bread rolls; two of these pastas were of refined

quality; The third, very common, consisted of white flour, full of impurities. I thought to myself: "What are they going to do with all this?...". Then I lost sight of the feast, and found myself in vision in a heavenly garden, where I saw Walburga's reward in Paradise. I saw her in a heavenly garden with Bento, Escolástica, Mauro, Plácido and many other holy monks and nuns of the rule of São Bento. There was a table prepared with flowers and wonderful food. Walburga was sitting at the head of the table, surrounded by garlands and flower arches. When I returned to the church, the ceremony was coming to an end, but I obtained from the abbess and the bishop a loaf of the most common dough, on which the figure IV was engraved. The best quality breads were obtained by my companions. The bishop told me that this bread should be for me alone and that I should not give it to anyone. Then he led me outside, to the church door, inside which the nuns from Santa Valburga were distributed in the choir in small groups. I saw in another painting that Walburga, shortly before her death, was apparently found dead in her place in the choir. Her brother Vilibaldo was immediately called and found her with her face and hands bathed in dewdrops similar to manna. Vilibaldo collected that dew in a dark cup and gave it to the nuns, who kept it as something sacred: after Valburga's death, many miracles were performed with that liquor.

When the saint woke up, Vilibaldo administered the Blessed Sacrament to her. This dew was the symbol of Saint Walburga's oil. I saw that this oil from Saint Valburga began to distill on a Thursday, because the saint had great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and because that oil referred to the Savior, when he sweated blood on the Mount of Olives. Every time I taste that oil I feel restored as if by heavenly dew. It has been of great help to me in serious illnesses.

Walburga was full of charitable love for the poor. She saw them in vision and thus knew, even before they came to ask her, how she should distribute the bread to them.

She distributed whole loaves, half loaves and pieces, and cut them herself. She also gave them oil; I think it was a very thick poppy oil, and by mixing it with butter she spread it on the poor people's bread, and they could also cook it in their homes. As a reward for so much kindness and for the sweet and charitable words he spoke to the poor, he obtained from the Lord that his bones oozed a kind of oil. This oil was used against bites from mad dogs and other ferocious beasts. I saw that at night she was going to visit a sick lady, daughter of the man who lived near the monastery, and was attacked by furious dogs, which she managed to drive away from her. She wore a dark, narrow dress, a long belt, a white veil and a black one on top. It was more than a nun's dress, it was the typical dress worn by devotees at the time.

I saw a great miracle on the occasion of a devout pilgrimage to his tomb. Two criminals joined a pilgrim who was heading to the saint's tomb: he shared the bread with them, but they, ungrateful, finished him off in his sleep. When one of them wanted to remove the corpse from there to bury it, it happened that the corpse was placed on his shoulders in such a way that he was unable to remove it, as it was as if it had been grafted onto the murderer. So I saw him wandering from one side to the other and in the distance, with that corpse on his back, until he lay down with it in the water; but the river didn't want to hold him: he couldn't go to the bottom and with his body on his back he was thrown to the other bank. He even wanted to cut off the dead man's hand with a sword and couldn't, and the murderer always had the corpse on his shoulders. Finally, through prayer and repentance, he was able to free himself from his crime.

Given this relationship, the Pilgrim showed the seer his surprise at seeing certain omens that sometimes made even ecclesiastics and devout people laugh.
She replied: It is not possible for me to say how simple, natural and correlative these things seem to me in a state of vision and how, on the contrary, the way of thinking of the men of the so-called enlightened world seems to me to be foolish, perverse and sometimes crazy. I have often seen people who considered themselves endowed with great intelligence and who were so considered by others, in such a state of stupidity and lack of common sense, that they could be locked up in an insane asylum.

Saint Thomas Aquinas

My sister had received, as a gift from a certain poor woman, a relic placed in a reliquary. I discovered the relic was there and got her to give it to me in exchange for an image of a saint. I saw a very beautiful lime coming out of it and I put it in my closet. Last night, when I was feeling all the pain that can tear a person's body apart, I saw an image of the life of Saint Thomas. In a large building there was a child in the arms of his mistress, who handed him a paper on which these words were written: “Ave Maria”. The child put the paper to his lips and didn't want to let go. His mother came, who was on the other side of the house, and she tried to take it from him, the child resisted, crying loudly. The mother then opened her little hand and took the paper from him, but seeing the child's great enthusiasm, she gave it to him again and the child swallowed it. I had heard a voice inside me saying, “This is Thomas Aquinas.”
I saw this saint hurt me many times in my closet, at different stages of her life. He said he wanted to cure the pain I feel in my side. Then it occurred to me that my confessor was of his order and that if I could tell him that it was Thomas who cured me, he would believe that I have with me a relic of this saint. But the same saint said to me, “Well, tell him I want to heal you.” He approached me and put a belt on my head... I no longer felt pain in my side. The saint healed me and told me that I should bear the other pains. I also saw many other scenes from the saint's life, especially that as a child he always leafed through books that he didn't want to put down even when he took a shower. I saw that this relic had been given to the convent by an Augustinian, to the first rector of our monastery. I saw many things in the life of this pious man, who had all the relics in the monastery decorated. At that time there lived in our convent a blessed maiden. I have seen it now and on many other occasions.

Blessed Hernán José

I saw representations related to his childhood. As a child I had an image of the Virgin on parchment that formed a scroll. He tied a rope to this scroll and placed it around his neck like a garment. He did all this with great faith, simplicity and veneration. When he was alone playing in the backyard of his house, two other children who were not children of the land came to keep him company: but he didn't know and he played with them freely and often looked for them among the other children in the city, but he couldn't find them. them. They only came when he was alone. I once saw him in a meadow, near Cologne, playing in a stream that ran through the field, where Saint Ursula was martyred. I saw that, having fallen into the current, he lifted the image of the Virgin with filial confidence so that he would not drown. I saw that the Virgin took him from behind and took him outside. I also saw other images in which the great trust he had in the Holy Virgin and the

Child Jesus shone, to whom he gave an apple in church, which the Child accepted. I saw that under a stone that the Virgin pointed out to him, he found some coins when he had no shœs. I saw that the Virgin helped him with his studies.

Saint Isidro Lavrador

I saw this farmer saint in many scenes of his domestic life. There was something cheerful about his suit: he wore a short jacket with lots of buttons front and back; On the back it had certain decorations in the form of spikes: the sleeves were cut out. The pocket was brown, the pants were wide, short and striped. On his feet he wore shœs tied with shœlaces. His hat was square, with overlapping brims, secured by a button similar to a mortar. He was tall and slender; He did not appear to be a rustic man, for there was something handsome and distinguished in his features.

I also saw his wife, who was tall, beautiful and very healthy. They had a son who I saw when he was twelve. His house was in an open field and from there it was possible to see the city about half an hour away. There was a lot of order and cleanliness in the house. I also saw other people there who were not servants. I also saw him and his wife unite with prayer in all the work they did, and especially bless the delicacies when they ate. He did not pray orally for long; well, then I began to consider and meditate.

I saw that before starting work he cleaned the field. I saw that in the work of a farmer he was helped in a supernatural way: many plows, pulled by white oxen, guided by luminous apparitions, plowed the land and he finished the work sooner than he believed.

It seemed that he did not see any of this, as he was only aware of the God within him. I saw that as soon as I heard the ringing of the city's bells, I dropped everything and ran to hear the holy mass and attend other devotions with the greatest piety and heavenly ecstasy. I also saw that when he returned to work so happy, the work was already completed. Once his son led the oxen with a rope and carried the plow to the field.

Then he heard mass ringing and ran to hear it; Meanwhile, the oxen arrived at the field and, although they were brave, they plowed only guided by that child. Once, while I was praying, I saw that they went to tell him that a wolf was devouring a horse: but he remained on his knees and committed the matter to God. When he returned to the field he saw the wolf dead at the horse's feet. I saw his wife with him in the field in the morning and at noon.

Both were digging and around them were many invisible workers with whose help they finished the task very quickly. His field was very beautiful and more fertile than the others and its fruits seemed more excellent. I saw that everything was given to the poor and that they often had almost nothing at home; But trusting in God, they sought and found abundant provisions. I saw that many times some enemies wanted to harm Isidro's animals while he was at mass; but they were stopped and removed from the place where the animals were. And then I saw many images of his life. Later, I saw him among the saints, in his peasant clothes, which made him even more wonderful, and then in the form of a pure and shining spirit.

Blessed Colomba of Schanolt of Bamberg

I also saw the Dominican Colomba de Schanolt, from Bamberg, ineffably humble, frank and simple. Despite having stigmas, I saw her do all the household chores. She prayed, still in her cell, prostrate with her face on the floor, as if she were dead. I saw her on the bed: her hands were dripping with blood, and the blood was also running from her forehead, under the veil. I saw her receive Holy Communion and I saw that the image of a child, which came out of the priest's hands, went towards her. I had visions that she had in life. I saw these visions passing as an image in front of her or beside me as she lay in bed, praying. I saw that he wore a hair shirt and a chain around his body, until this was forbidden to him.

His visions were about the life of Our Lord, and also about comfort and spiritual direction. She was doing very well in her convent; She was not very tormented and thus managed to progress much more in her spiritual life. It was simpler and more profound than my little Magdalene of Hadamar. I saw that in the other world she preceded her in degree of glory and condition. This appearance is very difficult to express. The best way to put it is to say that it seems like one traveled further than the other.

Saint Francis of Borgia

(October 9, 1821) I saw many things about the life of São Francisco de Borja. I saw him as a man of the world and as a religious man and I remember that he had qualms about daily communion and prayed before an image of Mary. There he received a few drops of the Blood of the Lord and Mary's milk, and was told that he could not deprive himself of the spiritual food on which he lived. I have often seen this participation in Mary's milk in other images of saints painted as if they drank milk from her breast like children or as if the milk was distilled for these saints. This representation is inaccurate and scandalous. I saw that the miracle occurred in very different ways. I saw a small white cloud appear from the side of Mary's womb and went towards the saints, dividing into rays and they inhaled that small cloud. It seemed like manna was going out to those saints. From the Lord's side I saw that a bright red ray came out and headed towards San Francisco. This lightning looked like grain and wine, flesh and blood. It's impossible to explain.

Emperor Saint Henry in the Church of Saint Mary the Greater

(July 12, 1820) I saw a painting of Emperor Saint Henry. I saw him at night, inside a large and beautiful church, kneeling, alone, before the main altar. I knew that church; Inside it was a graceful chapel of Santa Manjedoura and I saw it on the occasion of the feast of Santa Maria das Neves. While he was kneeling, praying, the upper space of the altar was illuminated and the Blessed Virgin descended. She was dressed in light blue and light rays spread around her.

She had something with her. He covered the altar with a red cloth, spread a white tablecloth over it and placed a beautiful book adorned with precious stones, full of light. I saw her light the lamp and place the candles on the altar. There were many of these pyramid-shaped lights. She remained standing. to the right of the altar.

Suddenly the Redeemer appeared, in priestly habits, with the corporal and the veil.

Two angels helped him as ministers, and there were two more. Jesus had his head uncovered. The ornament consisted of a long, heavy cloak, blood-red and white, interwoven and resplendent and adorned with precious stones. Two angels serving mass were dressed in white. I didn't see bluebells, but I saw cruets. The wine was red, like blood, and there was also water. The mass was a little shorter than usual. I saw the Offertory and the Elevation. The Host was shaped like ours. There was, at the end, the Gospel of Saint John. The Gospel was read by the angels, who took the book to Mary so that she could kiss it. After Mary kissed the book, she looked at Jesus and pointed to Henry. Then the angel brought the book to Enrique, who at first did not dare to kiss him, and then he did. After mass, Mary approached Henry, gave him her right hand and told him that she was doing this in favor of her chastity, and urged him not to waver in his purpose. Then I saw an angel approach and take him on the right side, like Jacob, and I saw that he was in pain and that afterwards he always walked a little to the side. During the ceremony many angels are present, worshiping and looking at the altar.

The Feast of the Scapular

(July 15, 1820) I was on Mount Carmel, where I saw two hermits, one living very far from the other. One of them was very old and never left his cave. The other, called Pedro, was French, visited the old man from time to time and brought him something. Pedro would stay away for a long time and then return to where the old man was. I saw him travel through Jerusalem, Rome and other countries. Later I saw him return with many warriors adorned with a cross on their chest. I saw Bertoldo with him, as a soldier, and then I saw him taking him, now a hermit, to where the lonely old man was on Mount Carmel. I saw later how Bertoldo was elected superior of the hermits. He often gathered them around him and due to their work some buildings were built. Monks lived more isolated at that time.

I saw another image. When that community grew, a convent was formed, I saw that a nun was kneeling in her cell and the Virgin appeared to her with Jesus in her arms, with that same face with which I had seen her in that image that I saw earlier in the mountain fountain. I saw that the Virgin presented her with a certain dress similar to what would be obtained if a square opening were made in a piece of cloth that, passing over the head, covered the chest and back. In the front it went down to the stomach, it shone and was red and white, mixed and shiny, like the great priest's ornament that Zechariah showed to Joseph. The two ribbons that went across the back were decorated with characters. The Virgin spoke for a long time with that monk. When he disappeared he found the scapular, he was very emotional. I saw in another image when he gathered many of his order and showed them the scapular.

Later I had a vision of a ceremony that took place on Mount Carmel. I saw among the choirs of the triumphant Church, the first among the ancient hermits, separated from the rest, the holy prophet Elijah. At his feet was written: Elijah, prophet. I did not see these images succeeding each other without interval, but I felt the inner persuasion that many years had intervened between one and the other. I saw this especially between the presentation of the scapular and the ecclesiastical solemnity. It seemed to me that this party belonged to our times. In that place where the image of the Mother of God stood next to the fountain, there was now a convent and a church. The fountain was then in the middle of the church. I saw the Mother of God with Jesus, as she was first at the fountain and as she appeared to the hermit, at the altar, but alive and moving, full of splendor. On

the sides hung countless small silk images, with double straps and strings. There were images on both sides and they moved within the light that came from the Virgin Mary herself, as if they were leaves on trees, exposed to the rays of the sun.
Many angelic choirs surrounded the Blessed Virgin. At his feet, above the tabernacle, where the Sacrament was, hung the large scapular that the Virgin had given to the hermit in a vision. On both sides and above were choirs of sacred characters of the order of Carmen of both sexes. The oldest hermits dressed in white with dark stripes; the others, as they currently dressed. I also saw today's religious, monks and monks, celebrating this solemnity in the choir and in the places where they lived on earth.

Image of the Porciúncula festival

(1% August 1820) I saw an image relating to a ceremony and I didn't know exactly what it meant. I saw a great glory of many saints, an immense crown in which the saints appeared seated, with various insignia and emblems on their faces, like palm branches, or holding small churches in their hands. Below this great circle were, suspended in the air, infinite relics and sacred objects, in precious vessels. It seemed like it was the bones and memories of the saints that I saw within the glory. In the center of the circle stood a small church and above it the Lamb of God, with an emblem on its back. The church was very bright and transparent. Inside I saw, on the altar, the Virgin, mother of God, sitting on a throne, in the company of Jesus and surrounded by a multitude of angels. An angel flew to the circle of saints and led Francis to the little church, in front of Jesus and Mary. It seemed to me that he was imploring a grace that referred to the treasures of the merits of Jesus and his holy martyrs; It was a grace and a gift of indulgence to that little church. Later I saw Francis go to where the Pope was, but not in Rome. The saint begged for an indulgence that recalled that vision. At first the Pope did not want to grant it. Suddenly a ray of light descended upon the Pontiff and in that light a writing appeared before his eyes; Then he felt enlightened and consented to the saint's wishes. I saw that the saint, after having separated from the Pope, was praying at night, and I saw the devil, in the form of a very handsome young man, who appeared to him and reproached him for his abstinences and mortifications. The saint felt tempted, went to his cell, left his clothes and went to wallow in a thorn bush, until his entire body was covered in blood. Then an angel from heaven came to him and healed him of all his wounds. This is what I still remember.

Saint Mary of the Snows

I saw two husbands of high lineage praying in their rooms, inside a large palace, in front of an image of Mary hanging on the wall. It was an embroidered image, although not artistically: Mary's dress was striped in blue and red in places and as it went down towards her feet it became narrower. The Virgin had a crown and on her arm the Baby Jesus, with the world globe in his hands. In front of that painting, which was not large, two lamps were burning, to the right and to the left. The kneeling one, where the two spouses prayed together, could be lifted and suspended in the same image, so that it looked like a closet over which a curtain fell that covered everything, hiding the painting and the kneeling person. Similar images, woven or embroidered, I have seen many in ancient times. They used to roll them up so they could take them on trips and suspend them wherever they

wanted to pray in front of them. While these couples were praying fervently, the Blessed Virgin appeared, splendid, just as she was drawn in the painting and remained suspended radiantly between them and the painting itself; It looked like it had come out of the wall.
He ordered them to build a church in his honor, on a hill in Rome, which they found covered in snow. These couples immediately announced what had happened to the Pope and I saw them go, with many ecclesiastics, towards that hill, on the top of which appeared the entire space destined for the church covered in snow with extraordinary candor. That entire space was marked with sticks and the snow soon disappeared.
I then had a vision of how Pope Martin celebrated Mass there and that while he was administering the Blessed Sacrament to a high-ranking person, he said that the Pope would be murdered by another person, to whom the same person who received communion had given the order and which was by order of Emperor Constantius. I saw many people inside the church and the killer approaching: but at the same moment he was blinded, collided with the columns and fell. He began to complain and shout, and a great commotion arose in the church. On another occasion, I saw Pope Gregory celebrate a solemn mass in this church and the Blessed Virgin appeared with some angels, who responded to Et cun spiritu tuo, and served her. In the same church I saw a solemnity celebrated in our times, in which the Virgin intervened, appearing in the same way as she appeared to the two husbands who ordered the construction of the temple.
It was the same place where I saw Emperor Henry praying, while Jesus celebrated mass.
Inside is the chapel of Santa Manjedoura.